DIVINE FANCIES

Digested

Into { EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS & OBSERVATIONS.

By FRAN. QUARLES.

401

LONDON, Printed for W. Shears, and are to be sold at the Bible in Covent-Garden, 1696.

DIVINE
FANCIES

Digested into

MEDITATIONS
AND
OBSERVATIONS.

LONDON, Printed for W. Shears, and are to be sold at the Bible in Covent-Garden, 1680.

TO THE

ROYALL BUD OF MAJESTY, and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happinesse, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, *SON* and *HEIR* Apparent to the *High* and *Mighty* CHARLES, by the *Grace* of God, *King* of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

Illustrious Infant,

Give me leave to acknowledge my self thy *Servant*, ere thou knowest thy self

Self my Prince: My Zeal burns me, and my *desires* are impatient: My breeding-*Muse* longs for *green fruit*, and cannot stay thy *ripeness*: *Sweet Babe*, The Loyalty of my Service makes bold to consecrate these early Leaves to thy sacred *Infancy*, not knowing how to glorifie themselves more, than by the Patronage of such

Princely

Princely *Innocency*. Modle of Sweetneſſe; Let thy buſie Fingers entertain this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmeleſe Smiles crown it: When thy Iuſancie hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſte the *Kernel*; In the meanwhile, let thy little hands and eyes peruſe it: Lug it in thy tender Arms, and lay thy burthen at thy

thy Royall *Parents* feet, for whose sake it may gain some honour from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven blesse thy youth with *Grace*, and crown thy Age with *Glory*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle* to the *Crown*: Let the *English Rose* and the *French Lilly* flourish in thy lovely *Cheek*: And let their united *colours* presage an everlasting *League*. Let the emi-

nent

nent *Qualities* of both thy renowned *Grand-Fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart, that thou maieſt in *Peace* be Honourable; and in *Warre* Victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Virtues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the firm *Pillar* of our happineſſe, and the future

future *Object* of the Worlds wonder.

Expected and prayed for

By Your Highnesses

most Loyall *and*

humble Servant,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
and truly Virtuous Lady, MARY *Conntesse* of *Dorset*, Governesse to that Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Brittain*, *France* and *Ireland*, *The Mirrour of unstained* HONOUR.

Most excellent Lady,

YOu *are that* Star *which stands over the place where the* Babe *lies*; *By whose directions light*, *I am come from the* East, *to present my* Myrrh *and* Frankincense, *to the* young Child : *Let not our Royall* JOSEPH, *nor his Princely* MARY *be afraid*; *there are no* Herods *here*; *We have all seen his* Star *in the East*, *and have rejoyced* : *Our loyall hearts are full*; *for*

for our eyes have seen him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To him, most honourable Lady, *I addresse my thoughts; To* Him, *I presume to consecrate these Lines; which since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraign to appoint you the* Governesse *of his Royall* Infancy, *I have made bold to present first, to your noble Hands; not daring in my very thoughts to dis-joyn, whom his Sacred* Majesty, *in so great Wisdom hath put together, or consider severally, where his* Highnesse *hath made so inviolable a Relation.* Madam, *May your Honours increase with your hours, and let eternal Glory crown your* Virtues; *that when this* Age *shall sleep in Dust, our* Children, *yet unborn, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happinesse of his Government, whose* Governesse *you are; which shall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is*

The sworn Servant of your

Ladyships Perfections.

FRA. QUARLES.

TO

To the Readers.

Readers, I will not (like One that knowes the strength of his owne *Muse*) commit *Rape* upon your *understandings*, nor raile at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits jump not; I have written at my own perill; understand you at your own pleasures: I have not so little *Man* in me, as to want my faults; nor so much *Foole* in me, as to think it; nor so little *Modesty*, as to swear it; nor so much *Childe* in me, as to whine at *Zoilus*: My request is, That the faultlesse hand may cast the first *Stone*. So, although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man, *Error*, I may escape

the punishment of the Common man
Censure.

I here present thee with a *Hive*
Bees; laden, some with *Wax*, an
some with *Honey*: Fear not to ap
proach; There are no *Waspes*, the
are no *Hornets* here: If some wanto
Bee should chance to buzze abo
thine ears, stand thy Ground, an
hold thy hands: There's none wi
sting thee, if thou strike not first:
any doe, shee hath Honey in her *Ba*
will cure thee too. In plainer tearm
I present thee with a Book of *Francie*
Among which, as I have none to boa
of; so (I hope) I shall have none
blush at. All cannot affect all: If som
please all; or all some, 'tis more tha
I expect; I had once thought to ha
melted the Title, and cast it into
verall Books, and have lodg'd *Obse*
vations, *Meditations*, and *Epigrams*
themselves; but new thoughts ha
taken place: I have required no he
of Herauld, either to place, or to pr

claim them. *Cards* well ſhuffled are moſt fit for *Gameſters*; And oftentimes, the paſtime of *Diſcovery*, adds pleaſure to the *Enjoyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Diſh. Only this: when you read a *Meditation*, let me entreat thee to forget an *Epigram*.

Farewel.

AD LECTORES
UTRIUSQ: GENERIS.

Candide, si mala sint nostra inter carmina parce:
Et bona si quæ sint, Zoile, parce tibi.

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TO GOD.

Glorious and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, and made them Wals on either side
That didst appear in Cloven-Tongues of Fire:
Divide my thoughts; And with thy self inspire
My soule; O cleave my Tongue, and make it scatter
Various Expressions in a various Matter:
That like the painful Bee, I may derive
From sundry flow'rs to store my slender Hive;
Yet may my thoughts, not so devided be,
But they may mix again, and fix in Thee.

DIVINE FANCIES

Digested

Into EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS & OBSERVATIONS.

1.

On the Musick of Organs.

OBserve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes,
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unseen *Bellowes*; nor the hand that playes
Upon the apparant note dividing *Kayes*,
That makes the well-composed *Aires* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear;
They both concur: Each acts his several part:
One gives it *Breath*; the other leads it *Art*.

Man is this Organ: to whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction*:
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without *which breath the universe* must fall
To the first Nothing it was made of: seeing
In Him we live, we move, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Divine *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the *Keys* and act:
He blows the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

2.

On the contingency of Actions.

I Saw him dead; I saw his body fall
Before death's *dart*, whom tears must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th' untrodden way
To life been found: he might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin:
What mine sees past heaven's eyes foresaw to come:
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should sum
The total of his dayes: his knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) say he should die
That very fatal hour; yet saw his death,
Not so, so Necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that*:
All times to heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

3.

On the Sacrament.

THe Loaves of *Bread* were five; the *Fishes* two
Wherewith the multitude was made partaker

Who made the *Fishes* ? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*:
Ev'n so these Sacraments which some call seven,
Five were ordain'd by *Men*, and two by *Heaven*.

4.

On the Infancy of our Saviour.

HAyl blessed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Blest above all that sprang from humane race
Whose Heav'n saluted *Womb* brought forth in One
A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*:
O! what a ravishment 'twas to see
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
To see him nuzzel in thy *Virgin Breast*,
His *Milk*-white body all unclad, undrest!
To see thy busie fingers clean and wrap
His spradling limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To see his desp'rate *Eyes*, with childish grace,
Smiling upon his smiling mothers face!
And when his forward strength began to bloom,
To see him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would think, so sweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be slain by a false-hearted *Kiss*!
Had I a *Rag* if sure thy body wore it,
Pardon sweet *Babe*, I think I should adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boon (a Boon far greater)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Weater*.

5

On Judas Iscariot.

WErail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life, yet do it *day by day*.

6

On the life and death of Man.

THe world's a *Theater*; the Earth a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* and
Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wiseman*, *base* and *high* (*Page*,
All act their *Parts* in Lifes short *Tragedie*:
Our Lif's a *Tragedie*: those secret *Rooms*
Wherein we first us, are our Mothers *Wombs*:
The *Musick* ush'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To see a *Man-child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gasp of *Breath* which first we vent,
Is a dumb-show, presents the *Argument*:
Our *new born-cries*, that new-born *griefs* bewray
Is the sad *Prologue* of th' ensuing *Play*:
False *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joyes*, and fierce *distracti*
Are like the *Musick* that divides the *Acts*:
Time holds the *glass*, and when the hour's run,
Death strikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

7

On the seven liberal Sciences of a Christian.

Grammar.

IT is an *Art*, that reaches not t' excell
In writing, speaking, as in *doing well.*

Logick.

IT is an *Art*, sometimes of plotting *treason*
Against the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reason.*

Rethorick.

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learns t' increase
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace.*

Arithme-

Arithmatick.

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise,
And number out Gods *Blessings* and his *Dayes*.

Musick.

IT is a potent *Science* that infringes (*hinges*.
Strong *Prison* doors; and heaves them from their

Astronomy.

IT is an *Art* of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head*.

Geometry.

IT is an *Art* instructs him how to have
The world in scorn, and measure out his Grave:

8.

Christs four houses.

HIs first house was the blessed Virgins *Wimb*,
The next, a *Cratch*; the third, a *Cross*; the fourth a
(*Tombe*

9

Of Light and Heat. (bright.

MArk but the Sun beams, when they shine most
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the self same Mother,
Nyms; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*,
When in their proper places, understood:
'Tis not rebellion against *Sense* to say,
Light helps to quicken: Or, the beams of day

May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:
The *Heat* is cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found asunder.
Distinguish now fond man: or stay and wonder.
Know then;
Their vertues differ, though themselves agree,
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives man power to see
The thing so vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*:
And where the *heat*'s but small, the *light*'s not great:
They are inseparable and sworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* discovers:
Within these lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks:
The *heat* resembles *Faith*, the *light*, *good works*.

10

On Judas Iscariot.

SOne curse that Traitor *Judas* life and limb;
God knows, some curse themselves in cursing him

11.

On the possession of the Swine.

WHen as our blessed *Saviour* did under
The man possest, the spirits in conclusion
Entered the *Swine* (being active still in evil.)
And drove them headlong to their own confusion.
Drunkards beware, and be advised then,
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*, if not, as *Men*.

12

On a Sun Dial.

THis Horizontal *Dial* can bewray
To the sad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviser,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne'er the wiser:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But onely *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there.
This Dial is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *We*, the lookers on:
Alas, that so ed *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our eyes had not beheld a Letter:
But this glorious Sunshine alwayes bright:
But we often stand in our own light.
Use then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darkness*, there will be no Sun.

13.

On the three Christian Graces.

Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have, to *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blameless
In long delay: And men (in begging) shameless.

Charity.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By selling Land, and to grow rich by giving.

14.
On a Feast.

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth has made a *Feast*
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Guest;
The *Word's* the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers VVritings are there *Diet-Books*;
But seldome us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own: (broil:
VVhat they should *boyl*; they *bake*; what *roast*, they
Their lushious *Sallats* are too sweet with *oyle*:
In brief, 'tis now a dales too great a fault,
T' have too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

15.
On Dives.

THat drop requesting *Dives* did desire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
VVhose flames he felt, Could he, a Fiend, wish well
To man? VVhat, is there Charity in Hell?
Each soul that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell so much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and tormentes are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His brother might have warning of that Fire.

16.
On outward shew.

JUdge not that *Field*, because 'tis Stubble,
Nor him thats poor, and full of trouble;
Though th' one look bare, the' other thin,
Judge not; their *Treasure* is within.

On the reading of the Scriptures.

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climbe no *stile*, when as a *gap* stands fair.

On the life of Man.

OUr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters day;
Our Soul's the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light, a *light* but weak, at strongest;
But low, at highest; very short, at longest:
The childish Tears, that from our eyes do pass,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning grass:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to learn; are whipt, and cry;
We truant up and down, we make a sport
Of precious *time*, and sport in our own coyle.
Our *Bed's* the quiet *Grave*, wherein we lay
Our weary Bodies tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the morning Bell:
Calls to account; where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and such as have mis-spent
Their time shall reap an earned *punishment*.
No wonder then to see the *luggards* eyes,
So loath to go to Bed, so loath to rise.

On the Crowing of a Cock.

THe Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft foreshow
A change of Weather; *Peter* found it so:
The *Cock* no sooner crew but by and by
He found a change of *Weather* in his eye,

'Tis an easie thing to say, and to swear too,
Weel' dye for Christ, but 'tis as hard to doe.

10

On Mammon.

MAmmon's grown rich: does *Mammon* boast of that?
The stalled Ox, as well may boast Hee's fat.

11

On Church contemners.

THose *Church Contemners*, that can easily weigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whose tetty stomacks can digest as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a *Sermon* bell,
That fly unmoved *Prayers* with the Ilse wills,
As quezie Patients take their loathed *Pills*;
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Judgment should but give them Heav'n.

12

On Morus.

HE is no *Plumming*; for he cannot *swill*;
No *Roman* for his stomach is fleshly still;
He cannot be a Jew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile, he was *circumciz'd*:
He is no true man; for he lies a trot:
Prophane he is not; for he *sweares* ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a *Bill*,
Shall make him all; or which of all ye will.

23.

On the Hypocrite.

NO mans condition is so base as his,
None more accurst 'd then he: For *Man* esteems
Him hatefull, 'cause he seems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems;
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of *God and Man.*

24.

On a Pilgrim.

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far hee's come; how far he haste go;
His way is tedious, and his way oppresst,
And his desire is to be at his *Rest*:
Our life's a *Warfare*; yet fond Man delayes
T'enquire out the number of his *Dayes*;
As cares not He, how slow his howers spend;
His Journe'ys, better then his Journies end.

25.

On the Needle of a Sun-Dial.

BEhold this Needle, when the *Artick* stone
Hath touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest
Of peace, untill it find that point, that rest:
Such is the *heart* of man; which, when it hath
Attain'd the vertue of a lively faith,
It finds no rest on earth, makes no abode,
In any object, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.

26.

On Affliction.

WHen thou afflict'st me, Lord, if I repine
I show my self to be my own, not thine.

27.

On a Sun-Dial.

GOe, light a *Candle*: By that light make tryal,
How the night spends it self, by the *Sun-Dyal*:
Goe, search the *Scripture*, Labour to encrease
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*,
By thy own light, derived from thy mother:
Thou mayst as easily do the one, as t'other.

28.

On PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to sink
Into the Sea, In what a case'd ye think,
H'ad beed, if he had trusted his complaint
To th' entercession of some helpful *Saint*?
Believe it, If *Romes* doctrine had been sound
And soundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

29.

On Merits.

FIe, *Rome*'s abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit Herven by *works*? 'tis a meer fable:
If so; stout *Rome* had never been so faint
To move her sute by a Collateral *Saint*.

On Servio.

Servio serves God; *Servio* has bare relation,
Not to Gods *glory*, but his own *salvation*:
Servio serves God for life; *Servio*, 'tis well:
Servio may find the cooller place in Hell.

A Soliloquie.

WHere shall I find my God? ô where, ô where,
Shall I direct my steps to find him there?
Shall I make search in swelling bags of *Coin*?
Ah no; for God and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Do beds of *Down* contain this heavenly stranger?
No, no, hee's rather cradled in some *Manger*:
Dwels he in wisdome? Is he gone that road?
No, no, Man's wisdome's foolishness with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their King, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no, the Kingdoms of the earth think scorn
T'adorn his Brows with any Crown but Thorn.
Where shall I go trace, or where shall I go wind him?
My Lord is gone, and ô! I cannot find him:
I'e ransack the dark *Dungeons*; I'le enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the sev'nth fire:
I'le seek in *Daniels* Den, and in *Paul's* Prison;
I'le search his *grave*, and see if he be risen:
I'le go to th' house of *mourning*; and I'le call
At every alms-abused *Hospital*:
I'le go and ask the *Widdow* that's oppress;
The heavy laden that inquireth rest:
I'le search the corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conscience*, and the *soul* that *smarts*.

The

The contrite *spirit* fill'd with filiall fear;
I, there he is; and no where else but there:
Spare not to scourge thy pleasure, O my God,
So I may find thy *presence* with thy *Rod*.

32.

On Daniel in the Den.

FIerce *Lions* roaring for their prey! and then
Daniel thrown in! And *Daniel* yet remain
Alive! There was a *Lion* in the *Den*,
Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had been slain,
Among ten thousand *Lions*, I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniels Lion* here.

33.

On those that deserve it.

OWhen our Clergy at the dreadful *Day*,
Shall make their audit; when the *judge* shall say
Give your accounts: what, have my lambs been fed,
Say, do they all stand sound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepherds bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an answer will be given by some!
We have been silenc'd: Canons struck us dumb,
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unless we play'd the fools and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unless we'd yeeld to sign
And cross their browes, they *say*, *a mark of shine*.
To say the truth, great Judge, they were not fed.
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.
Ah eternal Shepherds! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fools, and yet to let them starve?
What if your Fiery spirits had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been crown'd

With

With *Peacocks* plumes, had yet been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was scorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curse*
Of a base death, in your behalfs; nay worse;
Swallow'd the cup of wrath, that's dup to th' *brim*,
Durst ye not stoop to play the fools for him;

34.

Doe this and live.

Doe this and live? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe?*
Art thou not able? is thy task too geear?
Canst thou desire help? Canst thou intreat
Aid from a stronger Arm? Canst thou conceive
Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou *believe?*
The sufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping shoulders rest: *Doe this and live.*

35.

On Joseph and his Mistresse.

WHen as the Ægyptian *Lady* did invite
Wel-favour'd *Joseph* to unchast delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beastly *place* and 'twas a beastly *Deed*:
A place well season'd for so foul a sin;
Too sweet to serve so foul a master in.

36.

On Scriptum est.

SOme words excel in virtue, and discover
A rare conclusion, thrice repeated over:
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th'assaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum est.*

If thou would'st keep thy soul secure from harm,
Thou know'st the words; It is a potent Charm.

37

On the flourishing of the Gospel.

HOw do our *Pastures* flourish, and refresh
Our uberous *Kine*, so fair, so full of flesh?
How do our thriving *Ostrel* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *flesh* the strong
Heaven bless our *Charles*, as he did our late *Famer*,
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreams*.

38

On Joseph's Speech to his Brethren.

GO fetch your *Brother* (said th' Ægyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garners shall afford
Your craving wants their so desir'd supplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharoh*'s life y'are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food to serve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay.
When you present your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye shall have plenty and possess the Land.
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earnest of your Faiths; Do this and live.
If not, your wilful wants must want supply,
For ye are *Spies*; and ye shall surely dye:
Great God, the Ægyptian Lord resembles *Thee*,
The Brother's *Jesus*, and the suiters *We*.

39.

Of common Devotion.

OUr *God* and *Souldiers*, we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

40.

On the day of Judgement.

Trump

OWhen shall that time come, when the loud
Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dumb
Of their said *Urne!* that blessed *Day* wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphoz'd Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groans
And paines, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my Soul shall by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate again,
About that strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come!*
When *Death* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chaines,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting paines,
While I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetual *Anthems* to my *Judge*, my *King*.

On

41.

On Death.

WHy should we not as well, desire *Death*,
As Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath;
'Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing?
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
Being burthen'd with the sorrows of the *Day*,
We wish for night; which being come, we lay
Our Body down; yet when our very Breath
Is irksome to us, w' are affraid of *Death*:
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Distracting Dreames, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's sure
From all such Evils, and we sleep secure. (ther
What matter, *Downe*, or *Earth*? what boots it whe-
Alas, our body's sensible of neither:
Things that are senseless feel nor pains nor ease;
Tell me; and why not *Worms* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w' are sure to rise;
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our feats?;
Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Years*?

42.

On the Body of Man.

MAns Body's like a *House*: His greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; and the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Lathe* dawbd ov'
Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his mouth's the *Door*:
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: and his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art;
His *Midriffe*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:

His *Stomack* is the *Kitchin*, where the Meat
Is often but half fod, for want of *Heat*:
His Spleen's a *Veſſell*, Nature doth allot,
To take the *skum* that riſes from the Pot:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry fire;
His Noſe, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sink*, whoſe part's to drain
All noiſome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* c'ean:
His eyes like Chryſtal *Windowes* clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *ſight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weak; 'tis apt to ſtand or fall,
Yet is the likelieſt *building* ſometimes known,
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd *Blaſts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by fire, Sometimes it waſts
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put caſe, the *ſtuff*
Were ruin proof, by nature ſtrong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Ne're know an end: Alas, our *Leaſes* would:
What haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* & *blood*, to boaſt?
Thy dayes are ev'il, at beſt; but few at moſt;
But ſad, and merrieſt, and but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſureſt, and but ſhort, at longeſt.

43.

On the young man in the Goſpel.

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *Landed Youth*
agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoul had found the ſweet fruition
Of his own choice deſires without petition;

But

But he must *Sell*, and *Follow* or else not
Obtain his *Heaven*; O now his Heav'ns too hot:
He cannot stay, he has no business there:
Hee'l rather miss, than buy his Heav'n too dear:
When Broth's too hot for hasty Hounds, how they
Will lick their Scalded lips and sneak away.

44

On Mans goodness, and Gods Love.

GOd loves not man, because that man is *good*;
For man is sinful, because flesh and Blood:
We argue false: it rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cause God thinks good to love us;
He that shall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the pains to gather his own *Rod*:
Who for such premises, shall draw's *conclusion*,
Makes but a *Syllogisme* of his own confusion.

45

On mans Plea.

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, that he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans plea to God, is, that he did obtain
A former Suit, and therefore sues again.
How good a God we serve; that when we sue
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

46

On Furio.

Furio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curse himself in the *Lords Prayer*.

47.

On Martha *and* Mary.

Martha with joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord,
Her Lord she welcomes, feasts, and entertains:
Mary sat silent, hears but speaks no word,
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no pains;
Mary's to hear, to feast him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater *Martha's* love or *Mary's*?

Martha is full of trouble to prepare,
Martha respects his good beyond her own,
Mary sits still at ease, and takes no care,
Mary desires to please her self alone,
The pleasures *Maries*, *Martha's* all the care is,
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love or *Maries*?

'Tis true, Our blessed Lord was *Martha's* Guest,
Mary was his, and in his feast delighted,
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountiful Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

Maries was spiritual, *Mrtha's* love was carnal;
Th' one kist his hand, the other but the Glove,
As far as mortal is beneath eternal,
So far is *Martha's* less then *Maries* love,
How blest is he great God, whose heart remembers
Maries to thee, and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48.

On our blessed Saviour.

WE often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldome that he *slept*:

Ah,

Adjure his heavy eyes did wake, and *weep*,
For us that sin, so oft, in mirth and *sleep*.

(4)

49.

On sins.

Sins, in respect of Man, all mortal be,
All venial, *Jesu*, in respect of Thee.

50.

On Mans behaviour to God.

WE use our God, as Usurers do their hands;
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *hands*;
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Ways* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Mony's paid, the profit's taken,
Our *hands* are cancel'd, and our *God*'s forsaken.

(5)

51.

On Mans cruelty.

AND dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord again?
Were not his *Pangs* sufficient? must he bleed
Yet more? O, must our sinful pleasures feed
Upon his Torments, and augment the story
Of the sad passion of the Lord of *Glory*!
Is there no pitty? Is there no remorse
In humane breasts? is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne'r to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou alone,
Hast it sweet Jesu for us, that have none
For thee: thou hast forestall'd our *Markets* so,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:

N

Nay, blessed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To serve our shiftless selves, unless we call
To thee, that are our *Saviour*, and hast power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
VV' are cruel (Lord) to thee, and our selves too,
Jesus *forgive's*; *we know not what we do.*

5.

Mans progress.

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that grows
I th' midst of *Paradise*, her *Fruit* that showes
So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleasure in a fair disguize:
The *Flesh* suggests: *The fruit is fair and good;*
Apt to make wise, and a delicious Food;
It hath a secret vertue wherewithall
To make you Gods, and not to dye at all.
Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother,
His Brother ears; One bit calls on another:
His guilty *Conscience* opes his eyes; he sees,
He sees his empty nakedness, and flees;
He fetches slender *Fig-leaves* and does frame
Poor Arguments, t' excuse his sin, his shame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conscience* bids him run; the voyce pursues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, ere he knows the news:
Adam must quit the Garden, lest he strive
To taste the saving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man must go; but whether is he bound?
Even to the place from whence he came, the *Ground.*

53.
On the two great Floods.

TWO *Floods* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lots* the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul sin, against the sacred Laws
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drownd:
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none;
We are safer in Gods hands, then in our own:
The former floud of *Waters* did extend
But some few dayes; this latter has no end,
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst;
The *last*, is even as general, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd, the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still:
Both *Floods* ore-whelm'd, both Man and Beast toge-
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
When shall we see a Rainbow after Wine?

54.
On Fuca.

Fuca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Ear-rings*: Did she so?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoop to what *Rebecca* did beside.

55.

On Abrahams *Servant.*

THis faithful *Servant* will not feed, until
He doe his truſt repoſing Maſters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56

On Alexander.

NO marvel, thou great *Monarch* didſt complain
And weep there were no other worlds to gain
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiſs,
H'as grief enough, that finds no world but this.

57.

On Raſh Judgment.

JUdge not too faſt: this *tree* that does appear
So barren, may be fruitful the next year:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear thy own are *Crabs* they be ſo ſour:
Thy Judgment oft may tread beſide the text,
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

58

On Jacobs *Purchaſe.*

HOw poor was *Iacobs* motion, and how ſtrange
His offer! how unequal was th' exchange!
A meſs of *Pottage* for inheritance?
Why could not hungery *Eſau* ſtrive t' enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot;
Well might he give him bread and drink to boot:

An easie price! the case is ev'n our own;
For toyes we often sell our *Heav'n*, our *Crown*.

59

On Esau.

WHat hast thou done? Nay, what shall *Esau* do?
Lost both his *Birth-right*, and his *Blessing* too!
What hath poor *Esau* left, but empty tears,
And plaints that cannot reach the old mans ears?
What with the Fathers *Diet* and thine own,
Thy *Birth-right's* allen'd, and thy *Blessing's* gone:
How does one mischief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious stomack but have stay'd,
And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
Thou hadst not need have wept and pleaded so,
But kept thy *Birth-right* and thy *Blessing* too.
Had thy unprosperous, thy unluckie hand
Dispatch'd thy *Ven'son* as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a heap:
That had not been so dear, nor this so cheap:
Had thine eye, no place but to my Fathers will;
Th'adst had thy *Birthright*, and thy blessing still.

60

On the absence of a blessing.

THe blessing gone, what do's there now remain?
Esau's offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

62.

On the younger Brother.

I Know, the *Elder* and the *Younger*, too,
Are both alike to God, nor one, nor other
Can plead their yeares, but yet we often do
Observe, the blessings on the *younger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason, therefore, I despair to know.

52.

On Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W' are sure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodness did there grow
When the *fourth* part was murder'd at a blow!

63.

On the righteous Man.

PRomise is *debt*: And Debt implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *foul* and *raiment*?

64.

On Faith, Love, and Charity.

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity* whose nature doth confound
And mix the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the fire
Sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
Then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

65.
On Jacobs *Pillow.*

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raised Pillow, *Stones*,
VVhereon poor *Jacob* rests his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the shades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*,
Poor stake for *Isaacs* heir! It seems to me,
His Cattel found as soft a *Bed* as he:
Yet God appeared there, his *Joy*, his *Crown*;
God is not alwayes seen in Beds of Down:
O, if that God, shall please to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I rest my bones, my head;
With thee, my wants can never prove extream,
With *Iacobs Pillow*, give me *Iacobs Dream.*

66
On Faith.

FAith does acknowledge *gifts*, although we have n
It keeps unseen those sins, Confession hid not;
It makes to enjoy the goods we have not,
It counts as done, those pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freel' accepts, it hides:
VVhat Grace is absent, where true *Faith* abides?

67.
On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I see, with what a busie h st,
Zacheus climb'd the Tree: But O how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* called) he powder'd down agen!
He nee'r made tryal, if the boughs were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:

There was no danger fear'd: at such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven,
Nor could he fall, unless he fell to *Heaven*:
Down came *Zachens* ravisht from the tree,
Blid that was shot, we're dropt so quick as he.

68.
On the Thief and Slanderer.

THe *thief* and *Sland'rer* are almost the same,
T'one steals my *goods*, the other my *good name*,
T'one lives in scorn, the other dies in shame.

69.
On Abrahams *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loth was righteous *Abraham* to cease,
To Beat the price of lustful *Sodoms* peace!
Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
Gods *Iustice*; brings his *Mercy* down by steps:
He dares not bid so few as *ten* at first;
Nor yet from *fifty* righteous persons, durst
His Zeal, on sudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wisht salvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has pow'r to clear
A world of sin, that one shall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: what wonder then,
To see thee fall, from *fifty* down to *ten*!

70.
On Mans goodness.

THy hand, great God, created all things good,
But man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
Against his own *Creation*, and did stain,
Nay lost that goodness which the Beasts retain;

What hap has man, poor Man, above the rest,
That hath less *goodness* left him, than a *Beast*?

71.

On Zacheus.

SHort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happiest *Tree*,
That ever mortal climb'd, I mean, to *Thee*,
Thy pains in going up, receiv'd the Crown
Of all thy labour, at thy coming down:
Thy Statures lowness gave thee fair occasion
To mount that *Tree*, that *Tree*, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *He*,
Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

72.

On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.

THe *Roman* worships God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a false God, The *Atheist* none at all.

73.

On Babels building.

GReat God, no sooner born, but we begin
Babels accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds*, are ever yielding
The sad *Materials* of our sinful Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Rise, and rise up, untill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* shall begin to shew,
Confound our *Language* and our *Building* too.

74

On the Thief and the Lyer.

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation,
Their difference is but only in their *Fashions*.
They both deceive; but diversely proceed:
The first deceives by *Word*, the last, by *Deed*.

75

On the Egyptians Famine.

MArk but the course the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coin*, when all their corn is done
They come to *Joseph*, & their stomacks plead: (*bread*.
They change their *beasts* for *Corn*, their *flocks* for
Yet still they want: Observe now what they do;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodies* too;
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now they shall
Have *seed* to sow their barren soil withal;
Provided that the filth of their increase
Be *Pharohs*: Now their stomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the word shall strike
Our hungry *Souls*: our Souls must do the like:
We first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beasts, our Bestial *Affections*:
When they are gone, what then must sinners do?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
We shall have *seed* to sow, and present *Bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increase,
We shall have plenty, and our souls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd *good God* that *Man* should live,
How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

76
On Zacheus.

WEll clim'd *Zacheus*; 'Twas a ſtep well giv'n:
From hence to th' *Tree*, & from the *Tree* to *Heaven*.

77
On the Plough-man.

I Hear the whiſtling *Plough-man* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearful ſong:
His bed's a Pad of *Straw*: his diet, courſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldome ſlacks his thirſt, but from the *Pump*;
And yet his heart is blithe; his viſage, plump;
His thoughts are nere a acquainted with ſuch things,
As *Griefs* or *Fears*; he only ſweats and ſings:
When as the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a qualme, if not refreſht with *Wine*;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his dayes, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buſineſs*, or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold ſums of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in pains, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T' other, in plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſily known;
T' one's at *Gods* finding; t' other at his own.

78: O

78.

On a happy Kingdome.

THat Kingdome, and none other, happy is,
VVhere *Moses*, and his *Aaron* meet and kiss.

79.

On Gods appearance to Moses.

GOd first appear'd to *Moses*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time, he was known to *Moses* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majesty*.
Thrice God appears to man: First wallowing in
His foul pollution, and base *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter does bemone
Our helpless State, and draws us for his own:
The next time, he appears in *fire*, whose bright
And gentle flames consume not, but give light;
It is the fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, because 'tis *holy ground*;
The last appearance shall be in that *Mount*,
VVhere ev'ry Soul shall render an Account
Of *good* or *evil*, where all things transitory
Shall cease; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

30

On Gods Law.

Thy sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod*;
If we but keep it in our hand,
It will do VVonders in the Land;
If we slight and throw it to the ground,
'Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *Wound* that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
Nor salve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou should'st *withhold it*;
Nor would I *have it*, and not hold *it*;
O teach me then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod*.

On Pharoh's *Brick*.

OUr Gods not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Brick*, and gives no *Straw* to fire:
His workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lashe,
For not performance: we have *straw in heaps*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
Against the *Taskmasters*, and return no *Brick*:
We spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;
Think not on Israels sufferings, In that day
When thy offended Justice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheave'st thy *Rod*,
Think *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God*.

82.

On the insatiableness of Mans heart.

THis *Globe* of earth has not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it desires more still:
By him that seeks, the Cause is easily found
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full but never to the brim,
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

83

On Pharoh's *hard heartedness*

PLagues after *Plagues*! And yet not *Pharoh* yeeld
T'enlarge poor *Israel*! Was thy *heart* so steel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withstand
The oft repeated *Judgments* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies*, *Oyle*, nor *Judgments thunder*
Dissolve, nor break thy flinty heart in sunder?
No, no, What *Sun-beams* soften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are a sleep to Pardon.

84.

On the change of Pharoh's *fortune.*

OBserve what *peace* great *Pharoh*'s kingdom found
While *Joseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* crown'd
His happy dayes! Heav'ns plague in fist arm'd hand
Was then a stranger to his *peaceful Land*:
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royal *Throne*,
His land had plenty, when the World had none;
His full Garners over flow'd their Brim,
Favours came down unask't, unsaught by him:
His *Scepter* flourish'd, from a God unknown,
No need to trouble any of his own.

While

While *Joseph* liv'd his *blessings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'st he was *Josephs* Freind;
Those temp'ral blessings heaven doth often share
Unto the wicked as the good mans prayer.
But *Joseph* dies; And *Josephs* Sons must fall
Beneath their burthens, and be scourg'd withal;
Whilst Tyrant *Pharaohs* more severer hand
Keep them laborious *Prisoners* in his Land;
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into distress, to wean them from the World.
But *Pharaohs* Blessings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *serpent* now;
His land must groan; her *plagues* must still increase,
Till *Iacobs* Off-spring, shall find *Iacobs* peace;
Gods Children are the apples of his eye,
Whose touch is death if being touch't, they cry.
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuse,
Israel must go: *Pharoh* repents pursues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh* ere long, I fear,
Will find the purchase of his *Brick* too dear:
Moses holds forth his *Rod*, the *Seas* divide,
The *Waves* are turnd to *Walks* on either side:
They pass secure; *Pharoh* pursues them still:
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:
The chariot *Wheels* fly off, the *Harness* cracks;
One wan's a *Nail*, the next a *Hammar* lacks;
How man is trod'd and puzz'ld in that plot,
Where Heaven denies success, and prosters not!
Moses holds forth his *Rod*; the *Eastern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*; the parted *Waters* joyn'd,
And overwhe'm'd great *Tharo* and *Pharohs Host*;
None scap'd to tell the newes; all drown'd and lost;
Thus thrives Rebellion; *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft times conclude their *Ceremanie* in blood,
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heaven cuts off, when Earth is most secure.

85. On

85

On the First-born.

THe *First born* of th' Ægyptians all were slain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *First-born* in *Israel* be
Accepted Lord and sanctified to thee:
Thy looks are alwaies turn'd upon the prime
Of all our *Actions, Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleased eye is fixt upon the *First*;
And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or else accurst.

86

On Baptized Infants.

I Dare not judge those Judgments ill advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd as die baptiz'd:
What hinders life? *Original* hath bin:
New wash'd away; there's yet no *Actual sin*.
Death is the effect of *sin*. The cause being gon,
What ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of Israels sons 'tis found,
Moses was sav'd, I read that none was drowned.

87

On the grumbling Israelites.

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty; Ægypt can do thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
Some sullen Currs, when they perceive a Bone,
Will wag their tails and fawne; but snarle if none.

On

88.

On Mans Rebellion.

O How perverse is *Flesh* and *Bloud*! in whom
Rebellion blossomes from the very womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to do!
And things forbid how soon perswaded to!
We never read rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange Gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

89.

On Israel.

HAd *Israel*, in her want been truly humbled,
Isr'el had *pray'd*, & *grn'd* to heav'n, not *grumbled*,
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint:
Isr'el gets food: Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in season? When 's the time,
To do thee service? When 's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis alwaies either not full ripe or wasting:
We cannot serve our God, nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

90.

On the sinners Refuge.

HE that shall shed, with a presumptious hand,
The bloud of *Man*, must by thy just command
Be put to death; the *Murtherer* must die:
Thy Law denies him refuge where to fly.
Great God, our hands have slain a *man*; nay further,
They have committed a presumptious murther
Upon a guiltless *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse

Of

Of a reproachful *death*: Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:
Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy only *Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done.
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*; O! by the Law we die.
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from *Death*? Ah, none at *all*?
What shall poor *Mortals* do? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or flie to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good works? I, there were help indeed!
Is there no *City* for a foul to flie
And save it self? Must we resolve to die?
O Infinite! & not to be exprest!
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love*!
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred benefit of so blest a *Wonder*!
The very *Blood* our sinful hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* do plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God* and *Man*; both dead, and lives:
He whom we murther'd is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's man, to suffer, and hee's God to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; here, our *Refuge* City,
Whose living springs run *Pity* and *Pity*;
Go then, my *Soul*, and pass the common Bounds
Of *Passion*, Go, and kneel before his *Wounds*;
Go couch them with thy lips, thou need'st not fear
They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there;
But if they do, that very *Blood* thou seek'st,
Believ't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

91.
On the deposing of Princes.

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* deposes
A Christian *Prince*: did *Aaron* command *Moses*?
If sacred Scriptures mention such a thing:
Sure *Rome* has colour to depose a *King*.

92.
On Peters *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; he shuts the *Doors* of Hell;
The *Keyes* are his, in what a case were they,
Should *Peters* Successors mistake the *Key*?

93.
On Offerings.

ARe all such *Offerings* as are crush'd, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar*? may they not be us'd?
And must all *broken things* be set a part?
No Lord: thou wilt accept a *Broken heart*.

94.
On Usurers.

OF all men, *Usurers* are not least accurst,
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' afflicted worst:
In others grief they'r most delighted in;
Whilest *Givers* suffer for the *Takers* sin.
O how unjust a *trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th' *idle* fat!

95.
On Repentance.

CAnst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*,
From the well-feasted *Worms*? or put on fresh?
Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the dead?
Or quit thy carkass from her *sheet* of *Lead*?
Canst thou awaken thy earth closed *eyes*?
Unlock thy Marble monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortal, when thou please,
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th' art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *sin*.

96.
On Wine and Water.

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much, as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
This cleanseth (if not grosly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*: but scours not within:
That chears the heart, and makes the courage bold,
Quickens and warms dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Bloud*: and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

97.
On Balaams *Asse.*

THe *Asse* that for her slowness was forbid
To be imployed in Gods service, did
Perform good service now, in being slow:
The *Asse* received stripes but would not go:
She balk'ed the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her:
The *Asse* had far more wisdome than the *Rider*:

The

The *Message* being bad, the *Asse* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: had his *Asse* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Asse*! And was the faithful service payd
With oft-repeated stroaks? Had'st thou obey'd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travel with his blood;
Such is mans payment, often bad for good:
The *Asse* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster:
Nay; showes him *Myst'ries*, far beyond his reach;
Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull Asses preach:
The *Asse* perceives the *Angel*, and falls down;
When *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown:
Nor it's a wonder: Gods *Spirit* did pass
From blindfold *Balaam*, into *Balaams Asse*.

98
On some raw Divines.

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd,
But straight the *Peace* is broke: they now begin
T' appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battails* in:
School-men, must war with *School-men*: *text* with *text*
The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* twharts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the *Councils* must be call'd t' advice,
What this of *Lateran* sayes, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be a new disputed,
Arius is false; and *Bellarmin's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp *Artill'ry* of their Wit;
They shoot at *random*, careless where they hit:
The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd,
Although on small acquaintance, in to ayd,

Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a gloss
Upon their *Paint*, whose gould must gild their *dross*,
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boyes *Theam*;
Free-will's disputed, *Consubstantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predestination*,
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foot*:
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
New-married men to sit beneath their *Vines*,
And chear their *Wives*: they must not venture out
To *Warre*, untill the Year be run about.

99.
On buying of the Bible.

TIs but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *pen'worth* cost
Untill thy Death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good, cheap, or no,
And that day, believ't, it will appear,
If not extreamly *cheap*, extreamly dear.

100.
On the buying of the New Testament.

Reader, If thou wilt prove no more
Then what I terme thee, ev'n before
Thou ask the *price*, turn back thine eye,
If otherwise, unclasp, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'st
Is the dear blood of *Jesus Christ*,
Which *price* is over-dear to none,
That dares protest it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise,

Thy

Thy mony will but in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion*:
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

100.
To my BOOK.

MY Little Pinnace, strike thy Sailes,
Let slip thy Anchor: the winds failes:
And Sea-men oft in Calmes *do fear*
That foul, and boistrous weather's near;
If a robustious Storm *should rise,*
And blustter from Censorious Eyes,
Although the swelling Waves be rough
And proud, thy Harbor's *safe enough:*
Rest rest a while, till ebbing tides
Shall make the staunch *and* breme *thy sides;*
When winds shall serve, hoist up thy saile,
And fly before a prosp'rous gale;
That all the Coasters *may resort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.

The end of the first *Book*.

DIVINE FANCIES.

The Second Book.

I.

To Almighty God.

Lord, Thou requir'ſt the firſt of all our *Time*,
The firſt of all *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reaſon, we,
When thou giv'ſt all, ſhould give the *firſt* to thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance ſlue:
We pinch thy *Offering* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thruſt our three-toth'd *Fleſh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
That onely, what the *Fleſh hook* taketh not,
We ſhare to thee: Lord, we are ſtill deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
Our Sluttiſh *Bowles* are cream'd with ſoil and filth:
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*, of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Fleſh* and *Blood* can here be had,
That's worth the having, when the beſt is bad?
Here's nothing *good*, unleſs thou pleaſe to make it;
Then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2.

On Gods Dyet.

DEar Lord, when we approach thy sacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beast that dyes, the *Hearts*,
Th' enclosed *Fat*, and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senses* and our *Memories* must be
All set apart, and sanctifi'd to thee;
The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce affections
Of our refined *Hearts* must all conjoyn
To seek thy *Glory*: they must all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord, Of all the rest,
Thou dost affect the *Head* and *Purtenance* best,

3.

On Moses *Birth and Death.*

WE read, no sooner new born *Moses* crept
Into his vail of *Teares*; but the Infant wept:
But, being warned of his *Death*, his *Last*,
We find it storied, that he sung as fast:
These sev'ral passions found their reason, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye:
To whom this transitory life shall bring
Just cause to *weep*, there Death gives cause to *sing*.

4.

On Jeptha's *Vow.*

VIctorious *Jeptha*, could thy *Zeal* allow
No other way, then by a rash made *Vow*,
T' express thy *Thanks*? a *Vow*, whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious than the making:

'Twas

'Twas cruel *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Bloud, but thou
Unlucky *Virgin!* was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortal *Brow*, and *thee*
Why cam'ſt thou forth, ſweet *Virgin*? to what end
Mad'ſt thou ſuch needleſs haſt? thou cam'ſt to lend
Thy filial *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*;
Thou thought'ſt to meet a *Bleſſing*, and not *Death*:
Raſh *Ieptha!* may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when raſhneſs was the cauſe of it?
Ocanſt thou not diſpenſe with that, wherein
Thy ſtrict Religion a preſumptious *Sin*?
Is ſhe unhappy, or thou cruel rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruel *Father*.

5

On Jeſus *and* Sampſon.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appear,
And brought the newes her barren *womb* ſhould bear:
Did not another *Angel*, if not he,
Thrice bleſſed *Virgin*, bring the ſame to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n ſaluted *Womb* brought forth a *Son*:
To thee ſweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was born; to us a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampſon* born to fight
For captiv'd *Iſrael*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Nazarite* too, and born to eaſe us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Jeſus*:
Sampſon eſpous'd, and took in marriage hew
That was the child of an *Idolater*:
Our *Jeſus* took a wife that bow'd the knee
And worſhipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as ſhee:
Aſſaulted *Sampſon* met, and had to do
With a fierce *Lion*, foyld, and ſlue him too:

Our

Our conquering *Iesus* purchas'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death* and overcame:
Victorious *Sampson* stept aside and drew
Pure honey from the carcass that he slew;
When our triumphing *Iesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetnesse* in his *Lions* wound.
Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd Honey to his fairest *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampson* singular in this?
Did not our *Iesus* do the like to his?
Sampson propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myst'ry in his faithless Bride;
Our blessed *Iesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for man, his Bride unsought t' undoe;
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroath her
To a new *Love*, and fa'sly weds another;
And did not the adult'rous *Iewes* forego
Their first love *Iesus*, and forsake him too?
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed
The *younger sister* in the Elders stead;
Displeased *Iesus* hath espous'd the *Younger*;
God send her fairer: and affections stronger.
Sampson sent *Foxes* on his fiery carrane,
Among their corn and made their *crimes* his *warre*:
Offended *Iesus* shewes as able signes
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have destroy'd their *Vines*;
Our *Sampsons* love to *Dalilah* was such,
That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffered much:
Our *Iesus* had his *Dalilah*: For her
His Soul became so great a sufferer:
Sampson was subject to their *scorne* and *shame*:
And was not *Iesus*, even the very same?
Sampsons betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Iesus the first and second day, could be
The *graves* close prisoner: but, the third was free

In this they differ'd: *Iesus* dying breath
Cry'd out for *Life*, but *Sampsons* call'd for *Death*:
Father forgive them, did our *Iesus* crie:
But *Sampson, let me be reveng'd and die*:
Since then *sweet Saviour*, 'T is thy death must ease us,
We flie from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Iesus*.

6

On Elies *double Censure.*

WHen barren *Hanna* prostrate on the floor,
In heat of zeal and passion did implore
Redress from *Heav'n*, censorious *Ely* thought
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault:
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *check* austere:
Where mildness should be us'd, we are oft severe;
But when his lustful Sons, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her porch their *stews*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebu'd the wrong:
He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Child*:
There we should be severe w' are oft too mild.
Unequal *Ely!* was thy *sentence* just,
To censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust?*
Could thy parental mildness but have past
The former by as easily, as the last.
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin
And but like the first supposed sin;
Perchance thy aged head had found increase
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace:
Actions misplac'd are dangerous: Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall*.

7.

On the refining of Gold.

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadulterate pureness of his *gold?*
He weighs it first and after does infold
In *Lead*, and then commits it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* consumes, the gold draws nigher
To its perfection, without wast or loss
Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross:
The great *Refiner* of mans baser *Hearts*
Uses the like, nay, shewes the self same *Arts*;
He weighs it first, and finding it too full
Of *Trash* and *Earth*, he steeps it in some dull
And leaden crosse, or punishment, or sin;
Then melts it in affliction's *fire*, wherein
The *lead* and *dross* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* to bold and gain of either:
Thus though a man be wasted and consumed by the *Cross*,
And lighter; 'tis but lighter by the *Dross*.

8.

On Dagon and the Ark.

WHat news with *Dagon?* Is thy shrine so low?
Thou canst not keep it up, or has *Dagon* no
The falling sickness, that his *godship* 's found
In such a posture, prostrate on the ground?
Poor helpless *god!* but fear't: Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams? not stand, nor rise alone?
A *god*, and cannot rise? 'Tis very odd!
He must have help, or lye: *A proper god!*
Well, *Dagon* must require help of hands,
Up *Dagon* goes the second time, and stands

As confiders, as though his place had bin
His own in *Fes*: down *Dagon* falls again:
But *Dagon*'s fhrewdly maym'd with the jump,
Loft *Hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *ſtump*.
Sure all's not well with *Dagon* now of late.
Hee's either ſick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to ſo great a *God*: hath none
Offer'd ſome ſtinking *Sacrifice*, or blown
Some nauſeous fume into his ſacred *Noſe*,
And made his *God ſhip* dizzy? or who knows,
Perchance h'as taken Pet, and will reſign
His fullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
No wonder, a *falſe God* ſhould ſtoop, and lye
Upon the floor, when as a *true God*'s by:
It was unlikely *Dagon* ſhould forbeare
Reſpite of *Hommage*, when the *Ark* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *God* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorn to fall
Before his *Betters*; whoſe indifferent arme,
If it could do no good, could do no harme:
I'de rather choofe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *Gods*, to ſuch a *God* as he.
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick*: *the fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the Stork, then Log:
And to conclude, I'de chooſe him, *Dagon* like:
Not having *Head*, to plot: nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

VV.

On Saul *and* David.

SUre, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of ſuch a thing,
As much as he: when both alike did keep,
The one his Fathers *Aſſes*: t'other *Sheep*:
And muſt forſake his *Whip*: and *David* ſlinge
The Crook aſide: and they muſt both be *Kinges*

Saul had no *sword*, and *David* then no *spear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there:
There was no *sweat*, there was no *blood* to shed:
The unsought Crown besought the wearer's head,
There was a *stratagem*: No opposition,
No taking parts, No jealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*, there needs no *sword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10.

On David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that so boasts
And threats our *Israel*, and defires her *Hosts*:
Those smoother *stones* couragious *David* took
From the soft bosome of the silver brook,
Are *Scriptum est's*: the *sling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*: that makes them flie, and flie aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids sling*, and then I know,
I shall have *Davids strength* and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick such *stones* as these,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he please.

11.

On Sauls *Witch*.

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *Answer* down from (*heaven*,
How quickly was his jealous *passion* driv'n
A desp'rate Course! he needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his extream desires, by a *Witch*:
When we have lost our way to God, *how level!*
How easie to be found's the way to th' Divel.

12.

13.

On the necessity of Gods presence.

WHen thou wert present with thy *Strengthning grace*,
Saul prophesied, and fought:
But when, *great God*, thou didst withdraw thy *face*,
Murther was in his thought,
Thus as thou giv'st, or tak'st away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *stand*.

14.

Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre *lies the fairest* Flour *that stood*
In Isr'els Garden: *now, in* Blood:
Which death to make her Garland *gay*,
Hath crept, against her Triumph-day:
Here, here lies he whose Actions pend,
The perfect Copy *of a Friend*:
Whose milk-white Vellam *did* show
No least suspition of a Blur:
Here lies the example of a brother,
Not to be follow'd by another:
The fair indended Counter-part
Of Davids joy of Davids heart,
Rest then, for ever rest alone,
Thy Ashes *can be touch'd by none*,
Till Death *hath pickt out such another*,
Here lies a Flour, *a* Friend: *a* Brother.

15.

On Gods Word.

GOds sacred *Word* is like the *Lamp of Day*,
Which softens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*.

It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures:
It never falls in vain: it *wounds*, or *cures*,
Lord make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax*, and *Honey* too.

15.

On Man.

BY Nature, Lord, men were but nothing then
And less than *Nothing*, if compar'd with *thee*:
If less and worse than *Nothing*, tell me then,
Where is that *Something*, thou so boasts proud *Man*?

16.

On Ahaz *Dyal.*

MAns *Hearts* like *Ahaz Dyal*: if it flees
Not forward, it goes backward an *Degrees*.

17.

On Lust.

LUst is an *Ignis fatuus*, that arises
From the base *Earth*, this plays her wanton
In solitary *hearts*, and ever haunts
Dark places, whose deceitful flame inchaunts
The wandering steps of the diverted *stranger*,
Still tempting his mis-guided fear to danger:
She never leaves, till by her fair delusion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confusion*.

18.

On Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe *first* be lov'd then courted; and while *he*
Injoy'd, then hated; then expel'd the door:

Amnon must be discover'd, must obtain
Licence to feast, and then be drunk, then slain:
O what repose is had in sinful *Breath*:
Whose love in *haste*, whose mirth concludes in *death*.

19.

On Love and Lust.

THey'r wild, that take base lust for loves *half brother*
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the self same *Mother*:
Lust, is a Monster that's conceived and bred
Of the abused *Will* maintain'd and fed
With *sensual thoughts*: of nature rude uncivil:
Of life robustious, and whose *Sire's* the Devil:
But *Love* the Child of th' uncorrupted *Will*,
Nourish'd with *Virtue*, poys'ned with the *Swill*
Of base respects, of nature, sweet and mild:
In manners gentle, easily known whose *child*,
For, by the likeness ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-spring of a Heavenly *Father*:
This, suffers all things, *That* can suffer nothing:
This, never ends, *that* ever ends in loathing:
Th' one loves the *Darkness* most, the other, *Light*:
The last's the Child of *Day*, the first of *Night*:
The one is meek, *the other* full of Fire:
This, never lags: *that*, ever apt to tire:
Th' one's rash and furious: T' *other* milde and sage:
That dies with youth: *this* with it survives with age:
The one's courageous: T' *other* full of fears:
That seeks: *the other* baules both eyes and ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miss not:
In all respects, *what one* is, *what other* is not:
So far from *Brothers*, that they seem disjoyn'd.
Not in *Condition* only, but in *kind*.
'Tis a falshood, that they had one *Mother*:
The best that *Lust* can claim's a *Bastard Brother*:

Great God, must thou be conscious of that *Name*,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptial *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-born *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy just *Ie alousies*, great God, be grounded
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

10.

On a Tinder-Box.

MY Soul is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devil strikes a *spark* at ev'ry blow:
My heart's the *flint*: the *steel* Temptation is:
And his suggestions hit, and never miss:
His *hand* is ever sure: my *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soon sets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

21.

On Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Design*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best:
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficial as th' *Example*:
Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns: and bless
All such like *Counsels*, with the like success:
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us: and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

22.

On Sin.

Unhappy Man! *Whose every breath*
Is Sin; *Whose every sin is death:*

SIN, first Original; then our actual *sin*:
Our *sins* that sally forth: our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilful *sins*: and world of sins, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*, our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins*, *Sins* never reckon'd:
'Gainst the first Table *sins*: *Sins* done against the second:
Our Pleading *sins*, our *sins* without a cause,
Our Gospel *sins*: rebellious *sins* against thy lawes:
Our *sins* against our vowes: fresh *sins* again:
Sin of infirmity: and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *sin*.

23.

On the Sun and Stars.

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *stars of night*,
Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*,
Till *Sun-set* we discern no Stars at all,
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

24.

On Absolon *and* Sampson.

SAmpsons defect and thy excess of *hair*,
Gave him his death, oth' ground, thee, thine ith' *air*;
His thoughts were too depress, thine soar'd too high,
As mortals live, so oftentimes they die.

25.

On Gods favour.

GOds favours like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: to some they express
Themselves more radiant, and to others less:
To some they rise more early, and they fall
More late to others, giving *days* to all:
Some soile's more gross, and breathing more impure
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The dark'ned *Medium* of the moister aire;
Whilst other Soiles, more perfect yeild more rare
And purer *Fumes*, whereby those *Beams* appear,
To some, less glorious; and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, always bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night;
The *Sun* shines always strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the air;
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my Boggy soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul;
Thy Son hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*.
Rise, and shine always clear, but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *fall*;
That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

26.

On a spiritual Fever.

MY soul hath had a *Fever* a long while;
O! I can neither relish, nor digest;
My nimble *Pulses* beat, my *wines* do boil:
I cannot close mine eyes; I cannot rest.

O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to strike a Vein!
That, that would lay my *Heate*, and ease my *Pain*;
No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not mine own;
Thy *Blood* must cure me, *Iesus* or else none.

27

On Davids *choice.*

FAmine, the *Sword*, the *Pestilence*, which shall I chuse?
When all are great, which worst, when bad, the best?
It's a point of mercy yet to give
A choice of death to such as must not live;
But was the choise so hard? It seems to me,
There was a worse, and better of the three.
Though all extream, Me thinks, the help of hands
Might swage the first, the *bread* of forrain lands
Might patch their lives, and make some slender shift,
To save a while with necessary thrift,
Me thinks, the second should be less extream
Then that, Alas! poor *Israel* could not dream
If too much *peace* that had so oft division:
Among themselves and forrain opposition;
Besides, their King was *Martial*: his acts *glorious*,
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*:
Me thinks a conquerour, a *Man oth' sword*
Should here be puzzled at so poor a *word*;
In both, however, *David* at the worst,
Might well presume he should not die the first.
But oh! the *Plague's* impartial, it respects
No quality of *Person*, *Age*, nor *sex*;
The Royal *Breast's* are open to her hand
As is the lowest *Persons* in the Land;
Famine, the *Sword*, the *Pestilence*, *David* free,
To take his choice, and pick the worst of three,
He that gave *David* power to refuse,
Instructed *David* in the *Art* to chuse;

He

He knew no forrain Kingdome could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: he knew the *sword*
Would want an arm, the arm would want her skill,
And skill *success*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martial* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is thou *Great God*, the only cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſt*; he yields to kiſs thy *Rod*:
Iſrael was thine, and thou art *Iſraels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; 'twas no adventure
To caſt himſelf on *Thee*, the only Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th' hands of man, of *friend*, or *ſtranger*:
Thus *Davids* filial hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods known *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choice:
But ſtay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free,
To ſpeak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

28.

On Mans unequal diviſion.

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the beſt, and ſhare the worſt to thee:
We Fleet the *Mornings* for our own Deſign;
Perchance the Flo'rten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt us *ſilk*, we offer *Camels* hair,
Thy *Bleſſings* march th' *Front*, our *thanks* th' *Rear*.

29.
On Beggars.

NO wonder that such swarmes of *Beggars* lurk
In every street: 'tis a worse trade to work
Then beg: yet some, if they can make but shift
To live, will think it scorn to thrive by gift;
'Tis a brave mind; but yet no wise forecast,
It is but pride, and pride will stoop at last;
We all are *Beggars*, should be so, at least;
Alas! We cannot work: the very best
Our hands can do, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up whilst others give;
No shame for helpless Man, to pray in aid:
Great *Sol'mon* scorn'd not to be *free o'th' Trade*:
He begg'd an *Almes* and blusht not, for the *Boon*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crown*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, so,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chuser* too.
O who would trust to *work*, that may obtain
The suit he beggs, without or *sweat*, or *pain*!
O what a Privilledge, great God have we:
That have the honour, but to begg of thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the tortring *whips*
Of *Beadles*: nor dost answer our faint lips
With churlish language: Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statute* of last *Henries* daies:
Thou dost not damp us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for ye*; If our clam'rous noyse
Should chance t' importune, turn'st thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:
Thou dost not brand us with th' opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabonds*: thou know'st w' are *lame*,
And cannot work: thou dost not *Pharaoh* like,
Deny us *straw*, and yet requirest *brick*:

Thou

Thou can'ſt not hear us groan beneath our *Task*,
But freely giv'ſt, what we have *Faith* to ask,
The moſt for which my large deſire ſhall plead,
To ſerve the preſents but a *loaf of Bread*,
Or but a *token* (ev'n as Beggars uſe)
That, of thy love, will fill my ſlender *Cruſe*;
Lord during life, ile beg no greater *Boon*,
If at my Death thou'lt give me but a *Crown*.

30

On the two Children.

MY *Fleſh* and *Spirit*, Lord are like thoſe pair
Of *Infants*, whoſe ſad Mothers did repair
To *Juſtice*: Th'one is *quick*; the other *dead*:
The two promiſcuous Parents that do plead
For the live Child is *Thee*, and *Satan* Lord;
Both claims alike; Juſtice calls forth the *ſword*;
And ſeeing both, with equal tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the children both in twain;
And make them equal ſharers in the ſame
That both do challange, and what both diſclaim;
Satan applauds the motion, and replide;
Nor *thine*, or *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both, but thou, dear Lord,
Diſlik'ſt the juſtice of th'unequal *ſword*;
Rather than ſhare it *dead*, thou leav'ſt to ſtrive
And wilt not own't at all, if not alive;
The *ſword* put up, and ſtraight condemns the other
To be the falſe, calls thee the *nat'ral Mother*,
Lord of my Soul: It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy boſome of thy *living Child*;
Hee'd have the queſtion by the *ſword* decided,
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if once *divided*;
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Fleſh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

31.

On two Mysteries.

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son*!
One, three entire; and three in it ly one!
VVonder of VVonders! how might all this come?
We must be deaf, when the Holy Spirit's dumb;
Spare to inquire it; thou shalt never know,
Till Heav'n dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

32.

A form of Prayer.

IF thou wouldst learn, not knowing how to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggers* say.
Master, I'm poor, and blind, in great distress;
Hungry and lame, and cold and comfortless:
O succour him, that's graveld on the Shelf
Of pain and want, and cannot help himself:
Cast down thine eye upon a wretch and take
Some pitty on me, for sweet Jesus sake:
But hold! take heed this Clause be not put in,
I never Begg'd before, nor will again:
Note this withall, that Beggars move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

33.

On Solomon *and the* Queen *of* Sheba.

IT spreads? the sweet *perfume* of *Solomons* Fame
Affects the *Coasts*: and his Illustrious name
Cannot be hid? the unbeliev'd report
Must flie with Eagles wings to the honoured *Court*
Of princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* must not rest,
Untill her eyes become th' invited Guests,

Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatient ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives and ayre paſſage
To th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Empaſſage*:
True Wiſdome planted in the hearts of Kings,
Needs no more glory then the glory'it brings;
And like the Sun; is view'd by her own light,
B'ing, by her own reflection, made more bright;
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd, *ſhee's* gone to th' *Court*,
No eye delighting *Maſque*; no princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and ſcorns to ſee, to hear
Inferiour things; Sh' allowes her ear, her eye
No leſs then *Oracles*, and *Majeſty*;
How empty Paſtimes do reſolve and flie
To their true nothing, when true wiſdome's by!
Th' arriv'd *Queen* has *Audience*, moves, diſputes,
Wiſe *Solomon*, attends, replies, confutes;
She objects, *he* anſwers; ſhe afreſh propounds;
She proves, maintains it; *he* decides, confounds;
She ſmiles, *ſhe* wonders, being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent* ſtands amaz'd
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appear*
To common Books! how poor when Scriptures *near!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſs prodigal, then now;
For now the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By fame is found the leaſt of what is true;
We often find that Fame, in prime of youth,
Does add to Falſhood, and ſubſtract from Truth;
The thankful Queen does with a lib'ral hand,
Preſent him with the *Riches* of her Land;
Where wiſdom goes before, we often find
That temporal Bleſſings ſeldome ſtay behind;
Lord grant me *Wiſdome*; and I ſhall poſſeſſe
Enough have *more*, or have contens with *leſs*.

33.
On Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peaceful death,
Make but a firm *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living virtues; Could they recommend
Their *wisdome* to their heirs; Could *hearts* descend
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* do, as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reign had found increase
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *Peace*:
Kingdomes are Transitory: *Scepters* go
From hand, to hand, and *Crownes*, from brow to brow;
But *Wisdome* marches on another guize:
They'r two things, to be *Worldly great* and *Wise*;
It was the self same *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee; the self same *Crown*,
That did inclose his Princely browes and thine;
The self same *flesh* and *blood*, the next o'th' Line;
The self same *people* were a live, to bless
The prosprous dayes; but not the same *success*:
Where rests the fault; what secret mischief can
Un-same thy peace? 'twas not the self same *Man*.

34.
On the Prophet slain by the Lion.

'TWas not for malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* shed this *Prophets* blood:
Where faithless man neglects the sacred *Law*
Of God, there beasts abate their servile *awe*
To Man: When Man dares take a dispensation,
By sin, to frustrate the end of mans *Creation*,
The beasts oft-times by mans example do
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The

The *Prophet* must abstain: He was forbid,
He must not eat, and yet the *Prophet* did;
Th' obedient *Lyon* had command to shed
That *Prophets* blood, and see the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks those Laws which very *Beasts* fulfil!

35
On Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* must be possest
Of *Naboths Vineyard* or can find no rest:
His tongue must second his unlawful *eye*:
Ahab must sue, and *Naboth* must denie:
Ahab grows sullen, he can eat no bread;
His Body prostrates on his restless bed:
Unlawful lust, immoderate often brings
A loathing in the use of lawful things:
Ahabs desire must not be withstood;
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* blood:
Witness must be suborn'd: *Naboth* must lie
Open to *Law*; must be condemn'd, and die:
His goods must be confiscate to the *Crown*,
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd: the *Vineyard's* now his own:
Unlawful pleasures, when they justle further
Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.
Me thinks the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*,
Should (being prest) afford more *Blood* than *Wine*.

36.
On Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*, wherein to weigh
Their new crown'd *Princes*, which can soon bewray
Their native worth: Some counterpoise th' allow
Unhappy *Jsrael* had not weighs enow,

To weigh thy *Fingers*; *Heads* can never rest
In peace, when their poor members are oppress;
Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *judgment*, had thy judgment bore
But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadst been prosp'rous, both in *Crown* and *State*;
The *Lyon's known by's Paw*, the people spends
Their judgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

57.

On Leprous Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his loathsome grief,
Seeks to the King of *Israel* for relief;
But *Naamans* vain desires could not thrive;
Israel's no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*.
The Mortal Man is of too mean a stature,
To reach his hand above the hand of nature;
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
The *Leper* must go *wash*, and be secure
From his *Disease*; he must go paddle straight
In *Iordans waters*; 'tis a fair *Receipt*;
And why in *Iordan*? have our *Syrian* Streams
Less pow'r then *Isr'els*? sure the Prophet dreams;
How hard is it for Mortals to relie
On Faith! *how apt is sense, to question, why*?
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Disease*;
Prophets prescribe no better *means* then these?
I look't his Ceremonious hand should stroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet should invoke;
Some men would fain be clean, if God would stay
Their times, or would but cure them their own way;
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd; hee'l hence,
The *Jordan Prophet* dallies against sense;
His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord,
To *Jordans streams*: he washes, is restor'd:

Hee

How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills
Our choice desires oft times against our wills!
The *Leper's* cleans'd: and now he do's applaud
Not *Isr'els* streams alone, but *Isr'els God:*
The prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside:
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deni'd:
Who would not deal with thee, that art not nice,
To sell such pen'worths at so small a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vowes, the true God: provided, when his Lord
Shall serve i'th the house of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For fashion sake, he may secure his *Vow:*
Some will not stick to lend their God a house,
Might they reserve one room for their own use:
Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheap: he soon
Ore-takes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophets* name: but mark what did befall:
He got his *Boon*, but got his plague withal:
Unlawful gains are least, when they appear,
And ill got gold is always bought too dear:
Lord, I did wash in *Jordan*, and was cur'd,
My *Flesh* that false *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A sinful *purchase*, having over-run
The cleansed *Naaman* of my Soul: what's done
By false *Gehazi*, let *Gehazi* bear,
Let *Naamans Leprosie* alone stick there:
O, cleanse them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, strike *Gehazi*: and keep *Naaman* free.

38.
On Chamber-Christians.

NO matter whether (some there be that say)
Or go to *Church*, or stay at *home*, if pray;
Smiths dainty *Sermons* have in plenty stor'd me:
With better stuffe then *Pulpits* can afford me;

Tell me, why pray'st thou? Heav'n commanded so:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* too?
Small store of manners! when thy Prince bids *come*,
And feast at *Court*: to say, I'*ve meat at home*.

39.
On the Widdows Cruse.

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: my *score* is great, my *wealth* but small,
My *house* is poorly furnisht, and my *Food*
Is slender, I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my wasted fortunes prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as desp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the relief thy servant this long while,
Hath had, is but a little *Cruse* of *Oyle*;
There's none will give of *Almes*: I neither get
Enough to satisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*:
Lord, if thee please to show the self same Art
Upon the slender *vessel* of my heart,
The *Prophet* did upon the *Widdows Cruse*,
I shall have Oyle to sell, have Oyle to *use*:
So shall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free:
No debt is desp'rate, in respect of thee:

40.
On the swimming Axe.

THe borrow'd *Axe* fell in: 'twas lost, lamented:
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *workman* discontented:
A *stick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
Thrown in, the *Axe* did float, and came a land:
And why a *stick*? had that the pow'r to call
The massie *Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moses must use his *Rod*: *Moses*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it:

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have scourged *Pharohs* Land,
Had it been waved by *another* hand;
God often works by *means*, and yet not so,
But that he can, as well without them, too:
God can save Man without the help of Man,
But will not; wils not alwayes that he can;
Something is left for us; we must not lie
Ith'ditch, and cry, *And if we die, we die.*
We must not lie like *Blocks*, relying on
The workmans *Axe*; there's something must be done;
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald again if not the *stick* thrown in;
We must be doing, yet those deeds, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, less power
To save us, than that *stick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottome of his fall;
I will be doing, but repose in *Him*;
Throw I in *sticks*; hee'l make my *Iron* swim.

41.

On Baals Priests.

Jehu's crown'd King; *Jehu* the King must fall
To *Ahabs* gods; *Jehu* must worship *Baal*;
The gods divided people must go call
Baals sacred *Priests*; *Iehu* must worship *Baal*.
None must be lost behind, they must come all;
Iehu must burn a Sacrifice to *Baal*.
The *Priests* come puffing in, both great and small
Must wait on *Iehu*, that must worship *Baal*;
Baals house is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worship *Baal*.
What must there now be done? what offring shall
Perfume *Baals nostrils*? ev'n the Priests of *Baal*;
Baals holy *Temples* now become a *Stall*
Of Priestly flesh, of fleshly Priests for *Baal*.

H

How would our Gospel flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worship *Baal*.

42

On the Tempter.

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t' approach
Into the sacred presence? or incroach
Upon thy choice *possession* to devour
Thy sporting *Lambs*? to counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurp thy *Kingdome*, even as he
Were Lord at least a *Substitute* to thee?
Why do'st not rate him? why does he obtain
Such favours to have liberty of his *Chain*?
Have we not *Enemies* to counterbusse,
Know? Is not the *Flesh*, the world enough
To foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*
But must that *Caesar*, must that *Bandog* come
T'afflict the *weak*, and take the *stronger* side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*; nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a false disguise, of love and peace,
That still betray us? Are not these, all these
Sufficient, to encounter and o'rethrow
Poor sinful man, but must that *Bandog* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
Our timerous eyes to heav'n, we dare not rise
From off our aiking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*?
Say more, were it but possible to do,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Fashion* too,
Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, and send what *Foes* thou list:
Be thy *Bastail*: if thou please to warm
My Blood, and find the strength, I'le find the *Arms*.

March

March thou i' th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Rear*:
Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not fear.

43
On a Cypher.

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added, seem to come
(With those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*:
But such as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
We stand those *Cyphers* ere since *Adams* fall,
We are but *show*; we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome pleasures, and delights that do
Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *house*, the *mother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me than,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, then it shall be known
That I am *Something*: *Nothing* if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I do not weigh how small my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor vigure:
I am thy *Cypher*, O, be thou my *Figure*.

44.
On Haman *and* Mordecai.

THe *King* would fain take rest, but thought denies
To pay her nightly *tribute* to his eyes:
The Persian *Chronicle* must be brought to set
His eyes in quiet till they'r paid the *debt*:
He turns the leaves: the first he lights upon,
Is the *true service Mordecai* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,
When man has will to banish sense and Reason:

His loyal servive must be now recall'd
To blest remembrance: *Haman* must be call'd
To Councell; question'd, but not know the thing
The King intends: *He* must advise the *King*,
What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *Cost*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* shall honour most;
Observe but in the Progresse of this story,
How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory:
Haman perswaded that such *honour* can
Fit none but him; ne'r questions, *Who's the Man*;
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horse* of *State*, for his own Princely riding,
In brief; his Judgment is, that such a one,
Must lack no honour, *but the Royal Throne*:
How apt is Man to flatter his own heart!
How far a Debtor to his false desert!
The *Royal horse* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious wit:
Haman expects his answer; his Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commission*:
Haman must hast with all the speed he can,
And see it done: But *Mordecay's the man*:
God often crowns his Servants, at their Cost,
The hate their persons, and disdain them most:
Lord, if thou please to make me but thine own,
I shall have *honour*, spight of *honours frown*.

45.

On Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD questions *Satan*: Boasts his *Jobs* desert,
In the perfection of a *simple heart*,
Faith was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yield it; but must yield against his will,
Condemns it to be *servile*, to be bought
With *Gods own coyn*: *Does* Job *serve God for nought*

It is a common trick, the tempter uses,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses.
Alas, that *Faith* requires not so much praise,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adaies:
It is not strengthen'd by the indulgent hand,
That blest his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land*,
Puffe out the *Fire*; his Faith will quickly chill:
Satan puffe thou; nay Satan puffe thy will:
Nor Ebbe nor Flood, of small, or great estate,
Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.
What's now to do? Poor *Job* must be bereav'n
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heav'n
Must burn his fruitful *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houses* fall; and all his *Children* slain;
And yet not curse? Alas, poor *Job* addresses
His thoughts to heav'n, he worships God and *blesses*.
The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but seldome rave beneath the Rod.
But what sayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Seavant *Job*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightnese hath he? what *pretence*
For his continual Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own desire?
'Twas soundly puff'd; thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire*:
Gods trials are like Bellowes: *Satan's Blower*,
Blowes out false Faiths, make true ones blaze the more.
True Lord; His *faith* is rough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *shell*:
To save a *life*, who would not lose some *Skin*?
Touch but his *Hornes*, O how heel' draw them in:
Satan I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *bark*, but spare to touch the *Tree*.
Fear not ye little flock: *The greatest ill,*
Your foes can doe's to scratch; *They cannot kill.*
What now 's th' exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lie,
A very *Hospital* of misery:

I think, that all the *Vlcers* that have bin
In *Egypt* cur'd, are broken out again
In his diſtempered fleſh; yet *Iob* is ſtill
The very ſame, not charg'd his God with Ill:
A Faith that lodges in a double Breſt,
May ſtand the touch; none but true faiths, the Teſt:
If theſe be *flames* poore man muſt ſwelter in,
He needs a *World* of patience, not to ſin.

46.
On bauling Curres.

I Fear'd the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are, like her Joyes, but painted;
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I paſt,
Her bauling *Curres* had never bark'd ſo faſt.

47.
On DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, ſhould *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and ſings: His glory ne'r diſdaines
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's paines:
'Tis no diſparagement, 'tis no miſpriſion
Of State, to play before the *Great Muſitian*.

48.
On ABRAHAM.

THe word is out: Poor *Abr'am* muſt be gon;
Muſt take his *Iſaac*; take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whoſe bleſt Loynes, ſo many *Kings* muſt come,
In him muſt *Abr'am* ſtay, *Abram* muſt riſe,
And offer *Iſaac* a *burnt Sacrifice*.

God scorns the Offsets of our faint desires:
He gives the best, and he the best requires,
Abr'am forbears to question, thinks not good
To reason, to advise with *Flesh* and *Blood*;
Begs not young *Isaacs* life, nor goes about
T'object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He rises, rises early, leads his Son;
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be done:
Where God bids Goe, *that very Breath's a warrant:*
We must not linger there: Haste crowns the errant.
His Servants must no further: they must stay:
Private Devotion claimes a private way:
They must abide with th' *Asse*, whilst th' aged Sire
In t'one hand takes the *Knife*, in t' other *Fire*:
The sacred *Wood* of *Offring* must be pil'd
On the young shoulders of th' obedient *Child*:
O here mine eye must spend a tear to see
Thee bear that Wood great God, that since, bore thee:
Mistrust (se *Isaac* seeing the wood, the fire,
The *sacrificing* Knife, begins t' enquire,
But wher's the sacred Lamb that must be slain?
Resolved *Abr'am* (lest the *flesh* should gain
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he, but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
Where God commands, 'tis not enough t' effect,
But we must baulk th' occasion of neglect.
The faithful *Abr'am* now erects an *Altar*:
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can chuse but falter,
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon
His wondering *Isaac*, bindes his onely *Son*:
He layes him down, unsheath's his Priestly *Knife*;
Up heaves his arm, to take his *Isaacs* life:
True faith is active, Covets to proceed
From thought to action; and from will to deed:
Before the strengthened stroke had time to fall,
A sudden voice from heav'n cries *hold*; *Recall*

Thy threatning Arm, and sheath thy holy Knife,
Thy Faith has Answer'd for thy Isaac's life;
Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly shown,
That has not spar'd thine own, thine onely Son:
How easie is our God, and liberal, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to do!

49.
On Censorio.

Censorio takes in hand, by sharp reproof
To mend his Brothers error and to snuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Censorio's* crimes
Are rankt among the foulest of the times:
Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controule
Or top the dim *light* of anothers Soule,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd:
The Temple-Snuffers must be perfect gold.

50.
On Mordecay *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Grasse*, the other Steed did stand
In *Persia's Mues*: the former was providing
For *Mordecay*, the last for *Hamans* riding:
But since, in order, last things prove the worst,
Hamans ambition drove him to the First;
But see, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did cast
His glorious rider, whilst the *Jew* sits fast.
What matter *Haman*? *Fortune*, though no Friend
Of thine, first brought thee to thy *Journeys end.*

51.
On three Fools.

THe Wiseman sayes, *It is a Wisemans part,*
To keep his tongue close pris'ner in his heart:
If he be then a Fool, whose thought denies,
There is a God, how desp'rately unwise,
How more then Fool is he, whose language shall
Proclaim in publick, *There's no God at all*;
What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
Whose actions shall maintain't, *Such Fools are we.*

52.
On miserable Man.

ADam the highest pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one sinful *Deed*,
Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his *seed*:
How wretched then, how desp'rate's our Condition,
Whose ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater sins, against both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*, against *Creation* and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *descent*, alone,
But adde by hourly purchase of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyaltie, no *sin*,
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *sins* bring ruine then
To *One*; when one *sin* slew a world of men?

53.
On Mans two Enemies.

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man,
T'one's fat and plump, The *other* lean and wa
T'

One fauns and smiles, *the other* weeps as fast;
The first *Presumption* is, *Despair* the last:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full treasure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and lasting *pleasure*;
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *Blessings*; finds them ever in the *wain*:
Their *Maximes* disagree; but their *Conclusion*
Is the self-same: Both jump in mans *Confusion*:
Lord, keep me from the *first*, or else I shall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *second* from me; lest I then,
Sink down so low, I never rise agen:
Teach me to know my self, and what I am,
And my *Presumption* will be turnd to shame:
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then despair to work upon?
T'avoid my shipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *self*.

54.
On Queen Esther.

ILlustrious *Princesse*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadst been no *Queen*;
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not first been *slaves*, w'ad ne'r been *Kings*.

55.
On Slanders.

HAve sland'rous tongues been busie to defame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath censorious baseness gone about
With her rude blast to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have: And let their full-mouth'd *bellowes* puffe
In their *Breath* that stinks, and not my *Snuffe*.

I, let them snarle and burst, that I may smile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot strike beyond my patience; No,
Ile bear, and take it for an *Honour* too:
The height that my *Ambition* shall fly,
Is only to deserve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgment 'twere, if such as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My endangered *name*, by their maligne applause,
To good *Opinion*; that were a just Cause
O' *Grief* indeed! but to be made the story
Of such base tongues, It is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them spend their *Dust* against the wind;
And bark against the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbear
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare
An absent name, whilst their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr*, in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts desire
Is still to be *calcin'd* by such a Fire:
That, in conclusion, all men may behold
A fair gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.
Great God, I care not thus, how foul I seem
To *Man*: may I be fair in thy *esteem*:
It matters not how *light* I seem to be
To the base world, so I be *weight* to thee.

56.

On Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat huckleffe Accident hath bred such odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*
That they so oft disturb him, and affright
His broken slumbers with the *Dreames* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he must quit the glory of his Throne,

His Royal *Scepter*, his Imperial *Crown*?
Must be expeld his *Honour*, and come down
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſh'd from the uſe, the act of *Reaſon*,
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beaſts, but that *he was a King*?
What ayle thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So ſull of rage? What, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? What might the reaſon be?
Alas, poor harmleſſe things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay
They knew it not: It was not they that did it:
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:
Deſerv'ſt thou not, Great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt
Their ſervants open wrong? that could diſpenſe
With what they 'ndure, without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, me thinks thy better'd ſtate
Has no great reaſon to complain of *Fate*:
Thou art more near to him thou didſt adore,
By one *degree*, then ere thou were before:
'Tis ſome promotion: that there is leſs odds
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe gods*.

57.

On PARTIO.

HAſt thou forſaken all thy *Sins*, but One:
Believe it, *Partio*, th'aſt forſaken *None*.

58.

On Ignorance.

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory, 's unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

59.

On a great Battel.

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me thinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the day, the other yield:
They both prepare, Both strike up their *Alarms*;
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*.
They both advance their *Banners*: T'one displayes
A *bloudie Crosse*: The other Colours blaze
A *Globe terrestrial*: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other: Each by's *Ensigne* 's known:
They meet, encounter *blowes* exchange for *blowes*;
Dart is return'd for Dart: they grapple, close:
Their Fortune's hurried with unequal *Gails*;
Sometimes the *Crosse*, sometimes the *Globe* prevailes.
We are the *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*; those, that war within us,
The *Flesh* the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win, the other, lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yield,
And make proud Satan *Master of the Field*: (good
Deer Lord, the *Field*'s thine own, thou thought'st
To purchase't with my dying Saviours *Bloud*:

'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
Why should thou question, what's thy own by sight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' accurst
And base *Vsurper* doe his best, his worst.

60.

On the World.

THe World's an *Inne*, And I, her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest.
My *Hostesse* Nature, do's deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

61.

On the Sabbath.

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds
My fraile *delights*: Presume not to approach
Into my presence; dare not once t' encroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my soule;
Ye are not for this day, y'are all too foule:
Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I go yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:
I must goe sacrifice, I must go pray,
I must performe my holy *vowes* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*: I enjoyne
Your needful absence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for ever:
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62.

On Prayer.

IN all your Prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The Judgment of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*: 'tis his pleasure
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

63.

On FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort in this sickle Earth,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but Sorrow? Nothing else but toyle?
What, doe thy dayes shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Dos wordly pleasures no contentment give:
Content thee, *Fido*, th'ast not long to live.

64.

On Charissa.

WOuldst thou, *Charissa*, wish thy *fortunes* better
Than, by thy *art*, to make thy God thy *debtor*?
Ile teach thee how to doe't: *Relieve the poor*,
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *score*.

65.

On Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Wit*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could commit
So great a folly, as to goe about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n-bread *Mysteries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much lesse the darkned *Pen*
Expres

Expreſs, ſuch ſecrets, at whoſe depth, the *Quire*
Of bleſſed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain glory lend no eaſier task
To thy ſublime *Attempt*, then to unmask
The glorious *Trinity*, whoſe *Tri-une face*
Was ne'r diſcovered by the eye of *grace*,
Much leſs by th'eye of *Nature* being a ſtory
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, hold *Raymond*, and be wiſe:
Silence thy tongue, and cloſe th'ambitious eyes.
Such *heights* as theſe, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

66.

On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *haires* upon my head,
And raiſe their *Audit* to as high a ſcore,
In this they differ: *Theſe* do daily ſhed,
But, ah! my ſins grow daily more and more:
If by my *haires* thou number out my *ſins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

67.

On the Goſpel.

OUr *Goſpel* thrives the more by forrain *Iarrs*:
It overcomes in outward *oppoſition*:
But O, it ſuffers ſtill in civil Warrs,
And loſes Honour by a *home diviſion*:
If thou aſſiſt, I care not, Lord, with whom
I war abroad, ſo I have peace at *home*.

68.

On the dayes of Man.

LOrd, if our dayes be *few*, why do we spend
And lavish them unto so evil an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evil, why do we wrong
Our selves, and thee, to wish our *Day* so long?
Our *dayes* decrease, but still our *evils* renew; (few.
Great God, we make them *evil*, Thou mak'st them

69.

On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the shore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *These* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Flood*, My *sins* shall open lie:
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the sins of all my *yeares*.

70.

On Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equal; Equal was their guilt;
They both committed *Homicide*, both spilt
Their brothers guiltlesse blood: Nay, of the twain
The first occasion was less foul in *Cain*:
'Twas likely *Cains* Murther was in *heat*
Of blood; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *Davids* was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Uriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:
Was Justice equal? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
When *Cain* was punisht; *David* was forgiv'n:
Both came to tryal: But good *David* did
Confesse that sin, which cursed *Cain* had *hid*;

Cain bewzil'd the punishment; wherein
His Sin had plung'd him, *David* wailes his *Sin*:
If I lament my *sins*, Thou wilt forbear
To *Punish*, Lord; or give me strength, to bear.

71.
On Plausus.

Plausus of late hath rais'd an *Hospital*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
Plausus hath built an holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it:
Plausus hath given, through his abundant pitty,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' Citie:
Plausus allows a *Table* for the poor
O'th' Parish; besides those, he feeds at door:
Plausus relieves the *Prisons*; Mends the *wayes*;
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Market dayes*:
Plausus in brief, for bounty bears the *Bell*;
Plausus hath done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*;

72.
On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the skies;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great;
In this they differ: *These* do set and rise,
But ah! my Sins do *rise*, but never *set*:
Shine *Sun of Glory*, and my sins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

73.
On change of Weather.

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sun-shine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?

Thinkst

Think'st thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *frosts*, as well as Summer *fires*?
There must be both: Sometimes these hearts of ours
Must have the sweet, the seasonable showres
Of *tears*: Sometimes the Frost of *chill despair*,
Makes our desired *Sun-shine* seem more *fair*:
Weathers that most oppose to Flesh and Blood,
Are such as help to make our *Harvest* good:
We may not choose, great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor know to *ask*.

74.
On PROSPER.

TAke heed thou prosp'rous *sinner*, how thou liv'st
In Sin, and thriv'st;
Thou that dost flourish in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And sums untold;
Thou, that hadst never reason to complain
Of *Cross* or *Pain*;
Whose unafflicted *Conscience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Believe it, *Prosper* thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradise*;
Thy *flattering* pleasures, and thy airy *joyes*,
But painted *Toyes*:
Thy peaceful Conscience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Believe it, *Prosper* thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy heaps of Gold will stand thee in no stead,
At greatest need;
Thy *Empty* Pleasures will convert thy laughter,
To *groans* hereafter;

Thy

Thy silent *Conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more,
Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

75.
On the sight of a Plague-Bill.

Five thousand in a week, in one poor City:
Because it was thy *pleasure*, 'Twas no pitty:
Why shouldst thou pity us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pity thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind to th' *sin*,
That far transcends the *judgment* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression
Could but appear, and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague bills* do,
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of sin
Could with our City *Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, weed think our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are men to *die*.

76.
On Theaters.

SIx *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordain'd for *Play*;
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*? (shame
Me thinks that they should change their trade for
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

77.

On Players and Ballad-mungers.

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure both
Do stand or fall: T' one *sings*; The other *sayes*;
And both are *Scriptories* of another Froth:
In short, They 're *Priests* & *Clarkes* of *Belials* Altar;
T' one makes the *Sermon*, t' other tunes the *Psalter*.

78.

On God and the King.

OUr *God* and *Prince* (whom God forever bless)
Are both, in mercy of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall press,
To put their penal *Lawes* in Execution:
And mark, how in a like success they joyne;
At both we *grumble*; and at both repine.

79.

On the Life and death of Man.

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his adventure towards future Glory
For *death* to finish: Who will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretels a glorious *Day*.

80.

On FOX.

THere was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devour the prime,
And choice of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious Fox, in after-dayes,

Who

Whose high immortal *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive, in spight of death:
To see how mutual Saintly favours be!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee.

81.

On the Book of Common-Prayer.

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the rest;
For *Pray'rs* that are most *Common*, are the best.

82.

To Mundano.

WOuldst thou *Mundano*, prove too great too strong
For peevish *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong,
Renounce her power; Banish *Fortune* hence,
And trust thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The poorest heart that ever did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *Fortune*.

83.

On Romes *Sacrifices.*

IT cannot be excus'd: it is a wrong
Proceeding from a too too partial tongue,
To say, The profer'd service of false *Rome*
Had no good savour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie! poor *Rome's* belyed,
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,
In that warm *Age*, who were their *Priests*? by whom
Was their bloud shed? was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such sweet *Perfumes* I dare be bold to say,
Rome never burnt before, nor since that day:
A sweeter *Incense*, save his dying *Son*,
Heav'n ne'r accepted since this World begun.

84. *On*

84.

On a dead Man.

IT is a common use to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train*:
How great's the dead-man then? There's none that be
So backt with troops of *Followers*, as he.

85.

On Corner Sinners.

SUch men are like to *Owls*; They take delight,
To make the night their day; their *day*, the night.
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best,
But they shall howl, when *day-birds* are at rest.

86

On the Kite.

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and she will read
Brave *rules* for *dyet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; she spreads her airy plumes
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; she makes her self a stranger
T'inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*:
At length, she stoops; and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *prey*, and mounts her up again;
By her example, learn to use the earth
And thou shalt find less *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

87.

On FORMIO.

FOrmio bewails his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they're about to pa-

Beli-

Believe it, *Formio* will not entertain
A merry thought, until they meet again.

88.

On Bosome Sins.

HOw loath is *Flesh* to yeeld the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome-sin*!
O, how th'ingenious *flesh* will pleade, abuse
The height o' *Wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length it yeelds, : O give it leave to stay
A year, a moneth, a week, at last, a day;
And if not so, yet let my breaking heart
But hug it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts shall bind me
From the least touch; let me but look behind me:
Nay sin, *Gehazi-like*, will have a blow
At cleansed *Naamans bounty*, ere she go.

89.

On the Eccho.

AN *Eccho*'s nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
Or any repercussion of a *sound*,
Proceeding from some *hollow place*, well known
To have no *Bulk*, no *being* of her own:
It is no *substance*, nothing but a *Noise*;
An *empty sound*, the picture of a voice;
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my request
He'l breath his service from his hollow breast,
And *Eccho-like* for ev'ry word that's blown
Into his ears, returns me *two* for *one*:
But when they come to th' Test, alas they'r found
More light then *Ayre*, meer shadows of a Sound:
He trust my God, His bounty still affords
As many *deeds*, as my false Friends do *words*.

90. *On*

90.

On a Water-Mill.

THe formal Christian's like a *Water-Mill*:
Until the *Flood-gate's* open, he lies still:
He cannot work at all, he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheels shall find the stream.

91.

On Paul *and* Apollos.

THis not what this man, or what that man saith,
Brings the least *stone* to th' building of my faith;
My ear may ramble, but my *conscience* follows
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lies by me, is it just
To take up my Salvation upon *Trust*?
My faith shall be confin'd to no mans *Lists*;
He only follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Christs*.

92.

On Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but cross the way,
Morus will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Evil* portends it, *Morus*? It does show,
That *Morus is not wise*, for thinking so.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Fool the less abroad by *Thee*.

93.

On some Faiths.

SOme Faiths are like those *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *Corn*, unless they work against the *Wind*.

94.

On the Temporizer.

HE ſeems to be a *Man of War*; His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a fore-right *Gale*
Makes ſpeedy way; and, with her *Keel* divides
The ſparkling furrows of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind ſhould ſlack, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to tide it too and fro;
But if it prove a *Storm*, or the wind croſs,
His wavering *Bottome* ſoon begins to toſs
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *ſteer*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*;
His prouder courage quails, and the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *keel*, he knows not whither;
Till after many a ruin threatning knock,
Hee's overwhelm'd or ſplit upon a *Rock*.

95.

On our Sins.

IT is an Error ev'n as *foul* to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon, as too *ſmall*.

96.

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*,
Burns clear & bright, & leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtinks at going out;
When death puffs out his *Flame*, the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tallow*, by the ſmell.

97.

On Secret mungers.

HE, that at *Secrets* shall compose his aim,
Is like the *Flie* that sports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
Himself to ruine, or at least, his *wings*:
And like a disp'rate *Flie*, though he has bin
Once scorcht, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

98

On a Flie.

THe Sun delighting *Flie* repairs, at first
To the full *Cup* onely to quench her thirst;
But, oftentimes, she sports about the *Brink*,
And sips so long till she be drownd in *drink*:
When wanton leasure shall present thine eye
With lavish Cups, *Remember but the Flie.*

99.

On Scripture and Apocrypha.

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I see my Lord in's bed: but when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me thinks it lies,
Like his well count'nanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old cloths*, made less and fayr
His own *Inventions*, in his Masters *Phrase.*

100.

Tomy Book.

HEre comes a Critick, *Close thy Page*,
Thou art no Subject for this Age:

And Censure, oftentimes, yet know:
Will strike the Dove, *and spare the* Crow:
But hold; thy Guilt does not require
That thou shouldst lurk, or yet retire:
Be open as the Eye of Noon:
And let dogs bark against the Moon:
Thou hast no Luster of thy own,
But what's deriv'd from heaven alone.
Fear not: Thy Heaven instructed Page,
Will either please, *or* teach *the Age.*

The End of the Second *Book.*

The End of the Second Book.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The Third Book.

1

On old Wine and new.

OLd crazie *Casks* are not design'd to hold
New Wines, not yet new Vessels, for the *Old*;
Old must, with *old*, & *new* with *new* be fil'd:
Else will the vessels *break*, & wine be *spill'd*.
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine:
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *the new's the better*.

2

On Zacharias *and the blessed Virgin.*

His tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, then the Angels word,
had it too: Until those things shall come
pass his faithless lips are stricken *dumb*
blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
d even as *faithless*, on the self-same fashion;

Her lips reply'd, *And how can these things be?*
Hard justice! Why *he* punish'd, and not *she?*
The Reason's easie to be riddled out;
Hers was the voice of *wonder*; his of *doubt.*

3.

On a Picture

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if seen,
Present unto the view some beauteous Queen;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape:*
Look full upon the World, It proves the Story,
And beauteous *Picture* of th' Almighties Glory,
But if thy change of posture lead thy sight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the right,
It offers to thine eie but painted *Toyes*,
Poor *Antike pleasures*, and *deceitful Joyes.*

4.

On Servio.

Servio's in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers Fee*, *Servio* may loose the *day*;
No wonder, formal *Servio*, does trudge
So oft to Church: *He* goes to *bribe* his Judge.

5.

On Peters *Cock.*

THe Cock crow'd *once*, and *Peters* careless ear
Could hear it, but his eye not spend a tear:
The Cock crow'd twice, *Peter* began to creep
To th' *Fire* side, but *Peter* could not weep:
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about
And look'd on *Peter*; now his tears burst out.

'Twas not the *Cock*, it was our Saviours *Eye*,
Till he shall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

6.

On Ambidexter.

GOd keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Laws,
But for a *Cause*, he seldome prayes at all;
But curses evermore without a *Cause*:
I'd rather have his *Curses* all the day,
Then give his Conscience the least cause to *pray*.

7.

On Lazarus, *the Damosel, and a Sinner.*

LAz'rus *come forth?* Why could not *Laz'rus* plead
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead?
Dam'sel arise? When *death* had clos'd her eyes;
What power had the *Dam'sel* to arise?
Sinner Repent? Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus* or the *Dam'sel*, live again?
Admit we could, could we appoint the hour?
The voice that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

8.

On Sin.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a fair, a beautious *Bride*:
O, how were my believing thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choice delight;
My Fancy found no difference in the night,
Though they were true *Joyes*, that thus had led
A darkned Soul, but they were false *Alarms*;

I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear-ey'd *Leah* in my armes;
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, when cloath'd with night!
But when discover'd, what a *loath'd* delight!

9.

On Repentance.

'Tis not, to *cry God mercy*, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis, to bewail the sins, thou didst commit:
And not commit those sins, thou hast bewail'd:
He this bewailes, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he means to doe.

10.

On Man.

MAn is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill
Sweet smelling waters wherewithal to fill
Gods empty *Bottle*; Lord, do thou inspire
Thy quick'ning *spirit*, put in thy sacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,
Till they have brimm'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can do nothing, Lord, till thou inspire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11.

On the pouring out of our hearts.

'Tis ease to *pour in*; but few I doubt
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some poor their hearts, like *oyle*, that there resides
An unctuous substance still about the sides:
Others like *Wine*, which though the *substance* past,
Does leave a relish of *savour* by the Glass;

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milk*, which slow distains
Though neither *substance* nor the *scent* remaines:
How shall we pour them then, that *smell*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

12.

On Friends.

GOd shield me from those Friends, I *trust*; and be
My firm defence from such, as *trust* not thee.

13.

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Bull-rush*, seems so smooth that not,
The eye of *Cato* can descry a knot:
Pill but the *bark*, and strip his smoother skin
And thou shalt find him spungie all within:
His brows are alwayes ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire.*

14.

On Servio.

SErvio would thrive, and therefore do's obey
Gods Law, and shuts up shop oth' Sabbath day:
Servio would prosper in his home affaires,
And therefore dares not miss his *Diet-Prayers*:
Servio must put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th' end that he might safely come *ashore.*
Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be eyed
To morning prayer, untill his *Cause* be tried:
Servio begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife*:

Servile would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* do:
Servile still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*:
Servile will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15.

On the Devils Master-piece.

THis is the height the Devils *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16.

On our Saviours Fishing.

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*, Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the Land:
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*:
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The self same course; they do the same, or *should*.

17.

On Mans greatest Enemy.

OF all those mortal Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

18.

On the Hypocrite.

HE's like a *Reed*, that always does reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water side:
He beares no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formal sanctity; A very *Flag*:
Hee's round, and full of substance, to the show;
But hollow-hearted if inquir'd into.

In peaceful seasons, when the weather's fair
Stands firm; but shakes, with every blast of *Air*.

19.

On the holy Scriptures.

WHy did our blessed Saviour please to break
His sacred thoughts in *Parables*, and speak
In dark *Enigmaes*? Whosoever thou be
That findst them so, they were not spoke to thee:
In what a case is he, that haps to run
Against a post, and cries how *dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Frost*?
The Gospel's hid to none, but who are lost.
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis said,
An Elephant may *swim*, a Lamb may wade.

20.

On mans heart.

NAture presents my heart in *Ore*.
Fair civil carriage *gilds* it o're;
Which when th' Almighty shall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*;
Thus chang'd, the *Temple Ballance* weighs it;
If dross remain, the *Touch* bewrayes it,
Afflictions *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* stamps and coynes it;
No coyn so currant, it will go
For the best *Wares*, that Heaven can show.

21.

On drunkennesse.

MOst Sins, at least, please sense; but this is Treason
Not only 'gainst the *crown* of *Sense*, but *Reason*:

22.

On a Kiss.

ERe since our blessed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip Kiss*, his Vicar is afraid;
From whence perchance this common use did grow
To kill his tother end; *I mean his Foe.*

23.

On the Alchymist.

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Natures *Fire*,
Imployes his labour to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect Gold;
He laughs at unbelievers scorns and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*, neither cares nor doubts;
Until, at length, by his ingenious *pick*,
Hee's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich;
Such is the *Civil man*; that by his even
And level actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks by help of *Nature* to acquire,
At least to counterfeit the sacred fire
Of saving *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh*;
He spurns at Counsel; he derides and jerks
Those whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of hell.

24

On the ten Lepers.

TEn Lepers cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the Cleanser thanks? O ingrateful men!

But *Ten* ith' *Hundred*? that's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny is Thee.

25.

On the last Epigram.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that speak to thee
Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in Fee?
Thou mad'st a clean *Conveyance* to the Text!
And ne'r expect'st the *Principal* agent
Lord we must reckon by another Rate:
Thou gave not one yeares Purchase for th' *Estate*!
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A present Payment, till we obtain our *End*:
And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,
Then pay in *Driblets*, or else never pay.

26.

On the Box of Ointment.

IT is no wonder, he above the rest,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profest
The *Box of ointment* was but cast away:
He that dare *murmure* at so small a cost,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Buriall* lost.

27.

On Mary *and* Judas.

Mary did kisse him: *Judas* kist him too;
But both their alms were cover'd in a *mist*:
Both kiss our Saviour; but their kisses doe
Differ as far as did the parts they kist;
There's danger still, where double hearts do steal
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

28. *On*

On our Saviour and his Vicar.

ME thinke thy *Vicar Gen'ral* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place* with greater ease,
And in one *Jubilee* enjoyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord; didst from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadst not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving Stomach: He has *Cates* at will:
Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge*: To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes: thou hadst not, whereupon
To rest thy wakefull head: He snorts in *Down*:
In short, thy life was nothing but the Story
Of *Poverty*, and his of Princely *Glory*:
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The wealth and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worship him: at thy refusall, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants so great, so great his store,
The Vicar is so rich; the Lord, so poor.

On the great Prelate.

OUr Saviours *feet* were kist: the people do
The very same to thee, great *Prelate*, too.
O, who will seal but such another *Kiss*,
Upon th' *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

On Idolatry.

CAn common madnesse find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*?

That

That the Creators *Image* shoujd adore
The senslesse Image of a sensual *creature*!
If such be Gods; if such our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beasts are we?

32.

On the Tables of Stone.

THat stony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy just *Lawes*; thy *Lawes* were written in't
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *stone*.

33.

On mans three Enemies.

THere's three that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Against my Soul, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*;
Lord, give me patience, if not strength; for there
Are *three* t' afflict me; I'm but one to beare.

34.

On Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careless *eye* was grown too lavish
To entertain, *Sichem* found time to *ravish*.
It is no less than silent invitation,
Although we scorn the sin, to give th' occasion:
Sure *Dinahs* Resolution was too strong,
Or to admit, or not *resist* a *Wrong*.
And scornes to stoop to the *Adulterers* armes,
We often burn, intending but to warme's.
She went but out to see; Perchance, to hear
What *Lust* could say: What harm to lend an ear?
Anothers sin, sometimes, procures our shames:
It staines our Bodies, or, at least, our Names.

34.

On FIDO.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his plot,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not;
The wicked have no peace with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t' have peace with men?

35.

On Jacob.

HOw *Jacob*'s troop'd? *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another;
Laban resolves to apprehend his Son;
Esau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother;
Me thinks I see how Jacob stands: supplid,
Like Vertue with a voyce on either side.
Laban pursues him t' regain his Gods:
Esau t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*;
What hope has *Jacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis odds;
There will be either *Death* or *dispossessing*;
God takes delight to turn our helper then,
When all our helps and hopes are past with men.
Laban encounters *Jacob*; He requires
His Gods; And *Esau*'s near at hand by this;
Laban's appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fires;
T' one leaves him; T' other meets him with a *Kiss*,
Jacob's in league with both; *The Seed that shall*
Have peace with God, hee'l league and peace with all.

36.

On Drunkenness.

IT is a *Theif*; that oft before his face,
Steales *Mans* wit away, and leaves a *Beast* in 's place.

37.

On a Teniſe-Court.

MAn is a *Teniſe Court*; his Fleſh the *wall*;
The Gamesters *God*, and *Satan*, the heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Preſumption*, and too baſe *Deſpaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our reſtleſs *Balls* make fly,
Adverſity, and ſweet *Proſperity*:
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls; and chalk our ev'ry *Caſe*.
The *Line's* a Civil life we often croſs:
Ore which, the *ball* not flying, makes a *Loſs*:
Detractors are like *Standers by*, and bet
With Charitable men. Our *Life's* the *Set*.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in theſe fierce *Aſſaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults*:
Forgive them Lord, although he ne're implore
For favour, they'l be ſet upon our *ſcore*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this baſe *Court* has many a *falſe rebound*,
Strike, and ſtrike hard, and ſtrike above the *Line*,
Strike where thou pleaſe, ſo as the *Set* be thine.

38.

On Abels *bloud.*

ABel was ſilent but his *bloud* was ſtrong,
Each drop of guiltleſs *bloud* commands a tongue
A tongue that *cries*, 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*, 'Tis a tongue that roares
For hidious *Vengeance*, 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noiſe my bleſſed Saviours *Bloud*
Makes now in Heav'n! how ſtrong it cries! how loud!

But

But not for *Vengeance*: From his side has sprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

39

On the Memory.

DOes thy corrected Frailty still complain
Of thy dissoy'd *Mem'ry*? Do'st retain
Nothing that's good? And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? is the most
Of what th' Inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable ears? and not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breast,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Sum*: No, no, thou need'st not fear,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there;
Think'st thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?
Or can'st thou judge, that *Fire*, clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cause not seen, is out?
Gold, lost in greater *sums*, is still thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believ't the *Words* thine ears have lost;
Thy *heart* will find, when thou shalt need them most.

40

On the Babel Builders.

SUre, if those *Babel Builders* had thought good
To raise their heav'n-high *Tower* before the *Flood*
The wiser sort of people might deride
Their *Folly*, and that Folly had salv'd their *pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finisht what their hands could not;

'Twas

'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aime
So much to raise a *Building*; as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* shall seek to make intrusion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confusion*.

41.

On Esau *and* Jacob.

Esau goes forth; strives, with his own disquier,
To purchase *Ven'son* for his Fathers Diet:
Jacob abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to supplant his Brother:
There's some that hunt, like *Esau*, sweat and toile,
And seek their *Blessing* by their own *Turmoile*;
Whilst others crave assistance, and bewray
Their wiser *weakness*, in a safer *Way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will instruct me,
Make *savory Meat*, and cloath me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, these hands shall never
Trust to the poorness of their own *Endeavour*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dressing,
'Twill please my *Father*, and procure my *Blessing*.

42.

On several Sins.

Gross Sin.

Is like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in.
Into our conscience, wets us to the skin.

Sin of Infirmity.

Is like the falling of an *April showre*:
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun shine*, in an howre.

Sin

Sin of Custome.

IS a long *showre*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of night*.

Sin of Ignorance.

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain*.

Crying Sins.

IT is a sudden *showre*, that tears in sunder
The *Cope* of *Heaven*, and alway comes with *thunder*.

Sin of Delight.

IS like a *feathered showre of Snow*, not felt,
But sinks to th' very skin, when ere is melt.

Sin of Presumption.

DOes like a *showre of Haile*, but wet and wound
With sudden death, or strikes us to the *ground*.

The Sin of Sins.

IT is a *sulphrous showre* such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes to th' *Pit of Hell*.

On these Showres.

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! these souls of
Have still the luck to travel in a *showre*, (ours
Lord,

Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht:
Not a dry Thread; and all our *Fir's* quencht,
Our very Blood is cold, Our trembling knees
Are mutual *Anvils*; Lord, we stand and freez:
Alas, we find small comfort from the *Eye*
Of *Heav'n*; these showring *clouds*, our *sins* do flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us: We dry no more,
Than if the *Sun* had given his office o'r:
Nay Lord, if now and then those *Beames* do chance
To break upon's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *soules*, ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w' are dows'd and drencht agin:
In what a case are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *storms*, have fil'd our Souls with *Cramps*,
With wavering *Palseys*, and our hoarser tongues
Can do the service, nor in *Prayers*, nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are aguish, hot and cold: They be
Extreamly hot to th' *World*, as cold to *Thee*,
Our Blood has got a *Fever*: Lord, it must
Be set on fire with every wanton *Lust*:
What worlds of mischief are there that prevail not
Upon our fainting Souls? What is't we ail not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *Shower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory, So as fierce,
As these eclipsing *Clouds* are black, Disperce
And clear them with thy stronger beams, that thus
Dare interpose betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my distempered Soul, Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this sinful Flesh of mine:
That though some *Drops* must fall, I may have power
Shelter'd by Thee, t' avoid the down right *Shower*,
O let my dabled *spirits* still retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*,
That having revill'd out some weary houres,
She may arrive where's neither *Cloud* nor *Showres*,

44.

On Dives *and* Lazarus.

Did ev'r *Judge* more equally proceed
To punish *Sin*? so right, in kind, and nature?
Poor *Lazarus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of water:
Children are often times so like the Mother,
That men may eas'ly know the one by th' other.

45.

On two Suitors.

THe *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptial favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the conquest of the Virgins *heart*:
The first, approaching, knocks, and knocks again;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashful Lovers use)
Is more then half discouraged, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the story of his *Passion*:
He vows his Faith, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled and intire *Affection*;
He shews for equal mercy from her *Eye*;
And must have love, or else, for love, must die:
His present means were short, he made profession
Of a fair *Joynture*, though but small *possession*:
And in a word to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood:
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Rhetorick* of a Courtly tongue;

Salu-

Salutes her gentle ears; his lips discover
The amorous language of a wanton *Lover*;
He smiles and fauns, and now and then lets fly
Imperious *glances* from his sparkling Eye;
Bribes her more *orient neck* with *Pearl*; with *charms*,
Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Arms*;
He boasts th' extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
Betwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext;
The first Table pleas'd her well, untill the next
Was told; She lik'd the one, the other; Loth
To make a choice; She could affect them both;
The one was jocond, full of sprightly mirth:
The other, better born, of Nobler birth;
The second su'de in a compleater fashion;
I, but the first show'd deeper wounds of passion;
The first was sadly modest; And the last
More rude'y pleasant; His fair looks did cast
More am'rous flames; But yet t' others eye
Did promise greater Nuptial *Loyalty*:
The last's more; yet Riches, but for life,
Make a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
The first's *Estate's* but small, if not made good
By death: Fair *Joyntures* comfort *widdowhood*:
Whom shall this *Virgin* chuse? Her thoughts approve
The last for present *Wealth*; the first, for *love*:
Both may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.
Ah, silly *Virgin*! Is the choice so hard
Betwixt extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
Two so unequal, with a like respect?
Knowst thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
Submit to better judgment, and advise
With thy best *Friend*: O trust not thine own eyes:
This last, that seems so pleasant, so acute,
Is but a *Slave*, dreft in his Lords old *Suit*:

He

He brags of glory, and of princely power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treasure* that he boasts, is not his own,
He basely stole it and the *Theft* is known;
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th' pains
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as he,
Believ't, It is thy *Blood* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln: Fond *Girle*
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearle*:
The *first*, whose oft repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyal, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*,
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vowes
Plight holy contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*, and his right
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
Hee'l give the *wealth*, and in thy wealth content,
For present means: And (when thy *glass* has spent
Her lacest Sand, that time untransitory
Thy dayes) a joynture of *eternal Glory*.

46
On the old and new Garment.

New Garments being brought, who is't that would
Not scorn to live a prisoner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour at his cost
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit too strait!
They are too cumbersome! too great a weight!

No, no, the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have ease, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair,
To a foul *Stable*, then t' a *Rode* that's fair;

47.

On Mans Co-operation.

WE are not *Blocks*: we must expect the *call*;
And, being call'd, must *move* and *rise* withal:
The *voice* were needless, and as good be dumb,
As with the *Call*, not gives the *pow'r* to come;
Deserves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Christ takes his Spouse by contract not by *Rape*.

48.

On the old and new Tables.

THe former *Tables* of the Law, were broken,
And left to Monuments of themselves, no token,
No Signe that ever such things were: But mark,
The *latter* were kept holy in the *Arke*:
These *tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old find place
In th' ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *new*.

49.

On a Crucifix.

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that*' ador'd;
Not th' Eternal Law command, that thou
Canst as well forbear to make, as bow?

Nor

Not to so good an *end*? T' advance his *Passion*?
The *gold* being pure, what matter for the *Fashion*?
Take heed; *the purest gold does often take*
Some losse, some prejudice, for the fashion sake.
Not to a *civil end*? to garnish *Hals*:
To deck our *Windows*, to adorn our *Walls*?
Show-bread must not be common; *And the Cruse*
Of holy Oyle admits no civil use:
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
Within; 'Tis the object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

50.

On praying to Saints.

NOr pray to *Saints*, Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *back't* with *Scripture-strength' end with example*?
Did not that sweltering *Dives* make *complaint*
For water, was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
Why should Reformed *Churches* then forbid it,
'Tis true; But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

51.

On Confession.

EXperience tels, that *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out:
In Spiritual *Feavers*, there's the same expression
Of Health, when lips break forth into *Confession*;
But mark, these hopeful *symptomes* never do
Confirm the Ague *gone*, but *fair to go*:
They do not alwayes work, what they pretend,
Confession profits not, unless we mend.

52.
On Solomons *rejoyce.*

YOung man rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here?
Let thy heart chear thee: What delicious Chear
In thy young dayes; Thy cates will relish sweeter:
Walk thy own wayes: Thy cares will pass the fleeter:
Please thy own heart: Carve where it likes thee best:
Delight thine eyes: And be a Joyful Guest:
But know withal, the day will come, whereon
Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'ast done:
O what a *Feast*! O what a *Reck'ning*'s here!
The *Cates* are sweet; The *Shot*'s extreamly dear:
Lord, I have been, and am a daily *Guest*
(Too oft invited) at the *young mans* Feast:
The *Reck'ning*'s great; Although I cannot pay,
Yet can *confess*; Great God, before this day,
I had been dragg'd to the redeemless *Jayle*,
Hadst thou not pleas'd t' accept my Saviours *Baile*;
Lord, he must bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *coin* to pay, nor labour out the debt:
I cannot *dig*, my Joynts are stark and lame:
But I can *beg* although I beg with shame;
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The first *repulse*: I have no faith to crave:
If th' entertainments of the *Feast* be these,
Lord give me *Famine*; take the *Feast* that please.

53
On Bread.

Take up that bit of *Bread*: and understand,
What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless hand:
Survey it with thy thoughts, and it will read thee
A useful Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;

We stir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God must send a season for the *Plow*;
We sow our *Seed*, but sow our seed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the first, the latter *Rain*; (cease
Small proof in *showrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand shall
To bless those showrs, nor crown them with *increase*.
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefresht* by heav'n, as soon they dye;
The infant *Ears* shoot forth, and now begin
To corn; But God must hold his *Mill-dews* in;
The *Harvest*'s come; But Clouds conspire together;
Hands cannot work, till heav'n shall clear the *weather*:
At length 'tis reap'd between the *Barn* and *Furrow*
How many offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part, The rest we share
To man; His providence takes now the care;
No, yet it is not ours: The use alone,
Not bare possession makes the thing our own:
Thy swelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full desire,
But heav'n, when Mows should *sweat*, can make them
I but the *sheaves* are thrasht, and the heap lies (fire;
In thy full *Garner*, he that sent the *Flies*
To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an ease,
Send thee more wastful *vermin*, if he please:
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded, and what though?
Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*:
Believ'st the fruits of all thy toyl, is mine:
Until they be enjoy'd, as much as thine:
But now 't has fed thee: Is my soul at rest?
Perchance, thy stomack's dainty to digest.
No, if Heav'ns following favour do not last
From the first *Furrow* to the very *Last*,
Thy labour's lost: The *Bread* of all thy travil,
Without that blessing, feeds no more than *Gravil*.
Now wasteful Man, thou may'st repose again
That Model of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
Upon thy lap, let not so dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and loft:
Remember *how* it came and *what* it coft.

54.
On Faith and Reason.

TRue *Faith* and *Reason*, are the Souls two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore looks upward, and discryes
Objects remote, but *Reason* can discover
Things onely near, sees nothing thats above her:
They are not *Matches*, Often disagree:
And sometimes both are clos'd and neither see:
Faith viewes the *Sun*, and *Reason* but the shade:
T'one courts the *Mistresse*, t' other wooes the *Maid*:
That sees the *Fire*: this onely but the *Flint*,
The true-bred Christian alwayes looks a squint.

55.
On carnal Mirth.

WHo seeks to quench by help of *Carnal* friends
Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends
Redeemes his *Peace*, but with a further *Sin*;
Drinks in a *Feaver*: quenches Fire with Oyle.
Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that, *Mee*:
I will expect and trust no Friend, but *Thee*.

56.
On Prayer.

PRayer's like a *Vapour* turn'd from earth: it flies
To th' *gates* of Heaven: It never rests in skies:
Faith and it be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a first and latter *Rain*:

If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

57.

On ANNA.

WHat faithful *Anna* by her Tears had done,
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent, pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange than rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

58.

On a Gift.

NO lesse to give to thee; the gift is more (sore
Our own, being giv'n, great God, than 'twas be-

59.

On my self.

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

60.

On Justification and Sanctification.

LOrd, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where ere thou *justifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evils are justifi'd in thee,
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

61.
On Mans Love.

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and sinful too!
How basely do our crooked Souls engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have thee*, Lord, not what thou art:
This is the very best of man; wherein
W'are apt to think we *merit* more, than sin:
But there's a baser *Love*: Our chief respects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects*;
Like *Dogs* we fawn upon our Masters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and only love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baser yet: We love for fear,
Finding, like *Kain*, more than we can bear,
And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baser yet: And baser none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeal*, usurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may sin more *closly*, more *secure*;
We love thee only to abuse thee, just
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloak their lust:
How art thou martyr'd in our lustful Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wild* desires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in mee,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

62.
On filiall love and servile.

THey'r not alike, although alike appear:
T'one fears for *Love*; The other loves for *fear*.

63.

On Grapes.

IT is receiv'd, that *seed* of Grapes being sown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Clusters, or else *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitful* Vine,
Whose pleasing *Berries* yeeld a generous Wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord, these grapes of our
By *Nature*, are degenerous and sower;
But if thou please to *graft* us, we shall bear
Delicious fruit; which being prest, will chear
The hearts of *Angels*, and that blessed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their sprightly *Wine*.

64.

On Joy and Grief.

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
They would destroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allaid with *Sadness*,
It would be Madness:
While *this* with *that*, or *that* with *this* contends,
They'r both my *Friends*:
But when these happy *Wars* doe chance to cease,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Passions* doe contest,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

65.

On Doves and Serpents.

WE must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart
But how they must be marshall'd there's the
They must agree and not be far asunder; (*Art*
The *Dove* must hold the wily *Serpent* under:

Their natures teach what places they muſt keep,
The *Dove* can *fly*, the *Serpant* only *creep*.

66.
On Chriſt, and our ſelves.

I Wiſh a greater knowledge, then t' attain
The knowledge of *my ſelf*, a greater Gain
Than to augment *my ſelf*; A greater Treaſure
Than to enjoy my ſelf, a greater Pleaſure
Than to content my ſelf; how ſlight and vain,
Is all ſelf-knowledge, pleaſure, Treaſure, Gain:
Unleſs my better knowledge could retrive
My Chriſt; unleſs my better Gain to thrive
In Chriſt; unleſs my better Wealth grow rich
In Chriſt; unleſs my better Pleaſure pitch
On Chriſt; or elſe my knowledge will proclaim
To my own heart how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gain ſo ill improv'd will ſhame
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am:
Or elſe my treaſure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am:
Or elſe my pleaſures that ſo much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of ſores I am:
Lord, keep me from *my ſelf*, 'tis beſt for me,
Never to own *my ſelf*, if not in *Thee*.

67.
On Man.

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell,
With *Pride*, and fell:
How ſlight is *Man*! At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt*!

68.
On Death.

WE all are going to the self-same *Place*;
We only differ in our *Way* our *Pace*:
One treads the *Comm̃n Rode* of Age: Another.
Travels, directly by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some cross the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day;
Some ride on *Fevers*, Others beat the hoof,
With horses in their hands, and make a proof
Of their own *strength*; Others more fairly pace
On *beds of doune*; some ride a speedy race
On hot mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup*;
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up
On spurgall'd *Broyles*, whose Frantick motions send
Their hasty Spirits to their *Journeys end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure*;
Others false-gallop on the backs of Pleasure:
All journey forwards to the self same place;
Some the next way; and some the faster pace:
All post an end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord in this *Common Rode*, I do not care
What pace I travel so my way be fair.

69.
On the Life of Man.

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters day*;
Some only break their *Fast*, and so away:
Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but *sups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's most in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betime, hath less, and less to pay.

70.
On Gods Image.

IT was a *dainty piece* ! In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *shadow* could
Be like a *substance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime
Whose *Picture* 'twas: the Art was so divine
That very Beasts did reverence, as thine:
But now alas, 'tis blurrd: the best that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:
Alas, 'tis faded, soil'd with hourly dust,
Sullyed, and shadow'd with the smoak of *Lust*:
So swarthy, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how slubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* disjoynted, warp'd, and broke
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the smoak:
The object's both offensive, and the savour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor the *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy displeased eye forsake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers sake:
Behold it still; and what thou seest amisse,
Passe by: think what it was; not what it is:
What though her beauty and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made:
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencill*; we have sought to *Him*:
His skilful hand will wash off all the soyle,
And clense thy Picture with his sacred Oyle:
Hee'l mak't more fair than 'twas; at least the same;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*;

Till then, be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*, 'twas made for none but *thee*.

71.
On the Penny.

He that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*;
The *Morning*-sorrowes, and the *Mid-day*-sweat,
The *Evening* toyl, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; stood
I'th' Idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could shew
A *blush* of action, had his penny too:
What Wages can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But onely *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Do more, than bid, they do but what they should,
When man endeavours, and when heav'n engages
Himself by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He must expect: *We* must not look t' obtain
Because we *Run*; Nor do we *run* in vain.
Our running shows th' effect produces none;
The *Penny*'s giv'n alike to every one
That works i'th' *Vineyard*: Equal *price* was shar'd
T' unequal *Workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a *Work*; I will not serve
For *Wages*, least thou give what I *deserve*.

72.
On a Christian.

The Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to do
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too.

The

They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent serves a *Pound* of *Dove*.

73.

On Gods Bounty.

GOd freely gives, as freely we receive;
It is not *Do*, but *Ask and thou shalt have*.

74.

On Sins.

MY Sins are like to *Mountains*, that arise (*skies*:
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning*
Lord, give me *Faith*, and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *mountain* unremov'd.

75.

On the life of Man.

A *Thousand* years with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which account, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*;
The halfe whereof Nature doth claim and keep
As her own debt for sleep:
A full *sixt part* of what remains, we riot
In more than needful Diet;
Our *Infancy*, our *Childhood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost;
The *little* that is left, we thus devide;
One part to cloath our Pride;
Another share we lavishly deboyse
To *vain*, or *sinful* joyes;
Sithen, at most, the measur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *span*,

Being

Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?
Lord, if the *Total* of our dales do come
To so, so poor a *sum*:
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remains to *Thee*?

79.
On the Childrens Bread.

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able,
Honour and Riches are the *Crums* that fed
The *Dogs* that luck beneath their *Masters Table*:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm sure I shall have *Crums* enow.

77.
On Trust and Care.

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our *Care*: nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

78.
On Ruscus.

ILliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach:
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, and commended
Such things alone that were above his reach:
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to think, that *Ruscus* hath,
At least the twi-light of a *Bastard Faith*?

79.

On the receiving of the Lords Supper.

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As some do Physick, not for *health*, but *fashion*.
The Day proceeding, and the following Day,
There's none so strict, none so reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton riot,
And call their Sutes to a stricter Diet:
The time expir'd, the first Assault that haps,
Prevails, and strikes them to a worse *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomits* they return again,
As though they'ad past a *Patent* now to sin:
Let such *Day-christians* on the very top
Of all their mirth remember *Iudas Sop*.

80.

On Faith.

TH' oft shaken *Tree* grows faster at the root:
And *faith's* most firm, that's sometimes urg'd
(with *Doubt*.

81.

On the Story of man.

THe *word* was spoke: And what was *Nothing*, must
Be made a *Chaos* of confused *Dust*:
The *word* was spoke: the *Dust* began to thicken
To a firm *Clay*: the *Clay* began to quicken:
The grosser substance of that *Clay* thought goood
To turn to *Flesh*: the moister turn'd to *Blood*:
Received *Organs*: and those Organs, *Sense*:
It was imbellisht with the excellence
Of *Reason*: It became the *Height of Nature*.
Being *stampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:

But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd;
Her Beauty's *blasted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*,
This height of Nature has committed *Treason*
Against it self, declin'd both *sense* and *Reason*:
Meer Flesh and *Blood*, containing but a day
Of painted pleasure, and but *breathing Clay*.
Whose moisture, dry'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which dust, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, and brings to his first *nothing*:
Thus from his *nothing*, from this *Dust*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to Dust, to *Nothing* Man.

82.

On Ananias.

THe *Land* was his, The *Land* was his alone,
'Twas sold, and now the *money* was his own;
The power remain'd in the *Possessors* hand,
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it cost his *life*, his *blood*.
If those that give may not resume again,
Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
What shall become of those whose unjust power
Dispoyles the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who take her Profits, and instead of giving
Encrease to her revenues, make a living
Upon her ruins, growing plump and full
Upon her wants, being clothed in her *Wool*,
While she sustains th' extremes of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouson-monger*;
Who thrust their *Flesh-hooks*, in their thirsty Pot,
And only leave her, what they vallue not:
The whilest her sacred *Priests* that daily tread
Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;

Or

Or else, be forc'd to purchase easie shares
With that dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*?
Let such turn back their sacrilegious eyes,
And see how breathless *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the Wages that his sin procures,
That was a *Mole-Hill*, to these *Alps* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*; Did but conceal
Some parts he gave; But your false fingers steal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession*:
His was but bare *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppression*;
O, if no lesse than the *first death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you,
So often as your pamper'd eyes shall look
On your Estates, think on the *Flying book*.

83.
On pious uses.

THey that in life oppress, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious uses* at their death,
Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*:
To Gods and Mans acceptance, presume,
Their several actions send the like *perfume*.

84.
On Sophronia.

THe chaste *Sophronia* knows not how to scape
Th' inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruel *Sophronia* draws her hasty knife,
And would relieve her Chastitie with *life*;
Doubtful *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the *one*, and t' *other* too;
Sophronia's in a strait; One eye is fixt
O'th' *seventh* Command'ment, t'other, on the *first*.

To

To what Extreams is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven*?

85.

On the knowing Man.

HEe's like a *lusty Soil*, whose *Moisture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*.

86.

On Romes *Pardon.*

IF *Rome* could *pardon* sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if such *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An easie Judgment might determine which
To choose; To be *Religious*, or else *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*: *Pardons* may be sold;
Wee'l search no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines* for Gold.

87.

On the World.

THe *world* compos'd of *heav'n* & *earth's* the story
Of Gods *Eternal*, and Mans *Temp'ral Glory*.

88.

On formal Devotion.

MEn doe God Service with the same devotion,
As the foul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They stay and stay; then gulp it down in hast,
Not for the *pleasure*, but to have it *past*:
Whose *druggy* taste goes so against their mind,
That oft, the better part is left behind;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

89. On

89

On Heavenly Manna.

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great joy would neighb'ring *Lands* receive
The Fragment o: those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year:
We need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take unmeasur'd, from the bounteous heap:
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*:
We never board, but toss from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land:
Our satiate stomacks are so lavish fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton with our *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I fear when careless children play
With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

90.

On Natural Sins.

TO murther *Parents*, or our selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnatural Sin*:
By nature, we are apt to fall into't,
I rather think't unnatural *not to do't*:
If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin
The very course of Nature, *not to Sin*.

91.

On the Arke.

IF *Floods* of Tears shall drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retains within,
A cursed *Cham* to store the *World* agin:
What then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashful *Japheth*.

92. On

92.

On Sophronia.

Sophronia chooses rather to commit
Self-murder, then by violence, to submit
Her ventur'd honour to th' injurious trust
Of the *eye Sparkling* Tyrants furious *Lust*:
What means *Sophronia?* Dare her conscience frame
To act a Sin, but to prevent a *Shame*.

93.

On a fair Prospect.

Look up, and there I see the fair abode
And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God:
Look down, in every garnisht corner lies
Favours objected to my wondring eyes:
Look on my right hand; There the sweet increase
Of joyes present me with a joyful *Peace*;
Look on my left hand, there my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my self, to God:
Look forward, There I see the lively story
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory*:
Look backward, There my thankful eye is cast
On *Sins* remitted and on *Dangers* past:
Look inwards, And mine eye is made partaker,
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*:
Look up, or *down*, *about*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but objects of true *Love* and *Wonder*.

94.

On Resolution.

If thou hast given me *Wealth*, great God I crave
Content, and Grace to *have* the goods I have;

If otherwise thy will be done; I crave not
So much to *have*, as use the goods *I have not*;
Lord, make me *Thine*, and then I shall appear,
If not thine *Almner*, yet thy *B. dsman* here,

95.
On the Worlds Welcome.

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Jail*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*.

96.
On our Meditation upon God.

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Task* as God, she must exempt
All carnal *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'r*, thy *Fancie* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt, they must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath*, for a while:
Thou must *forget* thy self, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts and shake eternal hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and clear
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spiritual*, a *most perfect* being,
Pure, *simple*; At the self-same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*
Whose *Wisdome*, *Iustice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himself*, being great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Complear,
Without *Degrees*; Eternal without *space*
Of *Time*: At all times present, without *Place*: (er
Think thus, and when thy *thoughts* can *soar* no high-
stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*:

97.

On Faith.

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*
Because he wants it, hath a true *Belief*,
And he that grieves, because his *Grief's* so small,
H'as a true *Grief*, and the best *Faith* of all.

98.

On Mans Folly.

IDeots, and Sense bound *Lunaticks* discern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the current *Coin*;
Brute *Beasts*, by *Instinct* of Nature, will decline
Th' alluring *Bait*, and Sense-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that seem ne'r so *sweet*; this ne'r so *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greatest *Master piece* will chuse,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beasts*, and *Babes* refuse:
Delights in dangerous *Pleasures*, and beneath
The name of *Joyes*, pleases himself to *death*.

99.

On Glory.

THat *Saint* in Heav'n whose *Glory* is the least,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the best:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treasure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls* glory & *mine*, but *measure*.

100.

On Reward.

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*, but still *according*.

The End of the Third Book.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The fourth Book.

1.

A Good Morrow.

THis day: Unfold thine Arms, Arise and rouse
Thy leaden Spirits, & pay thy Morning *Vows*
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoake
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke;
Then mayst thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

2.

A Good Night.

CLose now thine Eyes, and rest secure;
Thy *Soul* is safe enough, thy *Body* sure;
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling Conscience in a sleeping breast
Has onely peace, has onely rest:
The musick and the mirth of Kings
Is all but very *Discords*, when she sings:

Then close thine Eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

3.

On a Printing-house.

THe *world's* a *Printing House*; our *words*, our (thoughts
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of sev'ral sizes;
Each *Soul* is a *Composer*, of whose faults
The Leyltes are *Correctors*: Heav'n revises;
Death is the *common Press*, from whence being driven
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heav'n*.

4.

A Dialogue between GABRIEL, *and* MARY.

GABRIEL.

HAil blessed *Mary*; MA. What celestial tongue
Calls sinful *Mary* blessed? GAB. It is I.
MA. Who art thou? GA. I am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: MA. I faint, I dye.
GA. Fear not sweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* shall be
Made debters to thy *VVomb*, and blest in thee, (*Son*,
MA. How Lord? GA. thy *Virgin womb* shall bear a
That shall *redeem* the world. MA. My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to pass; such things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
GA. The *Holy Ghost* at his appointed hower;
Shall make the pregnant by his sacred power:
MA. *VVonder* of Wonders! GA. *At* whose *beight* the
Of *Heav'n* stand ravisht, tremble and admire.
MA. O may it be according to thy Word.
GA. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou shalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.

Ma. Both *heav'n* and *earth* shall triumph, and the
Of hell shall tremble at *Maria's* name: (*frame*
Ga. All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marie's* wombe.

5.

On Rhemus.

IF Heav'n wou'd please to purge thy *Soul* as well
As *Rome* thy *purse*, thou needst not fear a Hell.

6.

On the Life of Man.

MAns day's a *Song* compes'd by th' great *Musitian*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choice
But spoild with *Discords*, and too much *Division*:
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*:
We miss our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*:
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

7.

On Mary.

OUr *Marie's* are eterniz'd for their worth (*fourth*.
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charles* the

8.

On the Church.

BE not thy *blackness* move thee to despair,
Black Women are belov'd of men that's fair:
Nor if thy hair her flaxed brightness lack?
Thy *Face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9. *On*

9.

On the two Essences.

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greater light:
Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light
And feeble lustre of the Lamp of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her reflection thin,
Distain'd with nat'ral blemishes within;
Inconstant, various; having of her own,
No light at all, or light as good as none:
When too much earth shall interpose, and slips
Betwixt these Lights, our souls are in th' *Ecclips.*

10.

On our Saviours Passion.

THe earth did tremble, and heavens closed eye
Was loth to see the *Lord* of *Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmony*; the clouds dropt *tears*:
Th' ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
And ev'ry grave did gape to be his *Tombe*:
Th' affrighted heav'ns sent down elegious *Thunder*:
The *Worlds Foundation*, loos'd, to lose their *Founder*;
Th' impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two,
To teach our hearts, what our sad hearts should doe:
Shall senceless things do this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour dye!
Drill forth my Tears; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*

11.

On Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter*! For he took a Fish
That ſtor'd his *purſe*, as well as fill'd his *diſh*.
Whoſe bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him;
But they are better *Fiſhers* that ſucceed him:
He *catcht* by chance; *Theſe catch* the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *Theſe* catcht them when they will:
They caſt their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their baits are onely for ſuch *Fiſh* as theſe:
Brave ſport, and full of curious pleaſure! *Come*,
There is no Fiſhing to the Sea------ *of* Rome.

12.

On Herodias.

I'Le tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whoſoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it dear; *Herodias*, if thou do'ſt
Compare the *penn'worth* with the *price* it coſt.

13.

On Faith and Hope.

HOw much the ſtronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

14.

On Water and Wine.

THe happy diff'rence and ſweet chance of life,
When a chaſt *Virgin* turns a loyal *Wife*,
The bleſſed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
Who turn'd cold *Water* into luſty *Wine*.

15.

On Age.

HOw *fresh blood* dotes! O how *green Youth* desires!
It most disdains the *thing* it most desires.

16.

On a Fig-tree.

A Christian's like a *Fig-tree* that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or blossomes all the year;
No wonder then, our Saviour curst that Tree;
Fig-trees are alwayes dead, where no Figs be.

17.

On Rhemus.

RHemus, Upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatory and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Masse* will clear th' offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would spare
To ruine Wife, or to disland an Heir,
Rather then feel such torments, you pretend,
That equal Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, If the power of gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

18.

On Jacob.

WE're boast thy *Bargain*, *Jacob*: For poor wee
Have made a better contract far, than thee:
We envy not his Land thou didst inherit
Our Brother took our *Flesh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

39.

On Simon Magus.

Simon, Bring Gold enough, and I will tell thee
Where thou shalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *sell*
Repair to his *successors*; they are free (thee
And forlick *Gamesters*, not so strict as he;
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths at the *second hand*:
They'l sell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater Noster*, where there is no *Penny*:
No if thy purse be like an empty *shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

On the Bishop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou were that *Rock*,
Whereon the *Church* was founded: couldst *unlock*
The *gates* of heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey;
Thy Papal dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21.

On Milo.

DOe, strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage strait,
Lessen thy self, and fast thy carkass thin;
Take in thy *flesh* 'twill get thee easier in:
Look up to heav'n 'twill raise thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *alms*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter;
Cast forth thy base corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half lost for want of spirit.

Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain
Those works which could *despair* mistakes, as vain;
Take heed, let not thy queazie Soul repine
Against those *Actions* which are none of thine;
Heav'n bids thee shine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Do thou thy best, leave the success to him;
Follow thy *Work*; And when thy Soul shall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* shall follow thee.

22.

On Rome.

GOod *Works* abound in *Rome*; 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the best string they challenge to their Bow;
But ev'ry hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done as well as good;
When wandering Passengers have lost their way,
No sort of men that ride so fast as they.

23.

On three dayes and nights.

THou know'st our dying Saviour did repose
On *Friday*, On the *Sabbath* he arose;
Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyed for all the World; what wanted here,
Was full supply'd in t' other *Hemisphear*.

24.

On Tobits *Dog.*

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog*! what *grace*, what *glory*
Thus to be Kenel'd in the Eternal *Story*,
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The memory of *Tobits dog* shall live for ever.

25.

On the Gospel.

WHen two *Evangelists*, shall seem to vary
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*
One truth doth guide them both; One Spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to believe them both.

26.

On Servio.

SErvio, 'tis scarcely worth thy pains, to smother
Or to suddue one sin and hug another;
Believe it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potential *Slave* to all.

27.

On Formio.

FOrmio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day;
Formio is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Think'st thou that *Formio*'s shaking hands will sin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet again.

28.

On John *and* Jesus.

JOhn was the *Morning Star* that did fore-run
The long wisht rising of our Glorious *Sun*:
he first words that Johns preaching lips expressed
as this, *Repent*; Our Savious first, was *Blessed*:
ohn makes the Incision, *Iesus* makes it sound,
esus nere cures, where *John* ne'r made a wound:

29.

On dispossessing.

WE read, A broyled Fishes *heart* will scare
A frighted Devil from a troubled breſt:
We read again, by *Fasting*, and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack's* only dispossest:
What this affirms, that flatly does deny;
With reverence to the *Text*, *the t'one's a lie*:

30.

On Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance* untill she win me
To grant her Suit; will never ceaſe to plead
Untill I give her my *Iohn Baptists* head:
O then my sorrow would be past her date,
And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late.

31.

On Malfido.

SAtans *Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted or'e the Wall,
Whose loathsome smell unsent thy sweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unless we make them ours:
They'l die neglected, if thou lend them room,
They'l stink: but eas'ly thrown from whence they come:
Fear not *Malfido*, those be they that spoil
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soil.

32.

On Slanders.

WHen undeserv'd report distains my name,
It *shames* not, but perchance prevents a *shame*.

33.

On Law and Gospel.

THe *Law* is tough, the *Gospel* mild and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

34.

On a Bosome sin.

THat *sin* that finds more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *breast*,
That in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips wishin thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*
That gives thee *kisses*, that's the *sin* that slayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Judas* that betrayes thee.

35.

On the World.

THe World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in Mans heart;
'Tis falsly *printed*, though divinely *penn'd*,
And all th' *Errata* will appear at th' *end*.

36.

On my Soul.

MY weather-beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin:

But now afflictions *storm* does drive and tosse
Her hatter'd *Keel*; the wind is loud and cross
Fear fills her tatter'd *sails*, and *doubts* do drive her
She knows not where, and of all hopes deprive her;
Thus, thus transported by the troubled Aire
Amongst the swallowing *Quicksands* of despair,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruine* ev'ry hower:
O, that mine eyes could raine a *showr* of Tears,
That, that would lay the *storm* of all my Fears.

43.

On the Cuckoe.

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feast
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own i'th' nest;
The silly Bird she owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repose nor yet repast,
And joys to see her *Chicken* thrive so fast;
But when this gaping Monster has found strength
To shift without a helper, she at length
Not caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her;
The *sin* we foster in our bosome thus;
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

38.

On Tobit.

WAs it not time to send his son to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* spun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to post away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

39.

On David.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an *Io*
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Urania* sung,
What glorious Angel had so sweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to sing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or some *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, sweet those *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more than most *Divine*.

40.

On a Monument.

SEest thou that *Mon'ment*? Dost thou see how (Art
Does polish nature to adorn each part
Of that rare work, whose glorious Fabrick may
Commend her duty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty piece? and apt to raise
A rare advantage to the makers praise?
But knowst thou what this dainty Piece incloses?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there reposes
A noisome putrid Carkass, halfe devour'd
By crawling *Canibals*, disguis'd, deflour'd
With loath'd Corruption, whose consuming scent
Would poison thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n such a piece art thou, who ere thou be
That readst these Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:
Thy body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And art conspire to heighten up a creature
To some perfection, being a living Story
And rare *abridgement* of his Makers glory;
But full of loathsome *Filth*, and nasty *mire*
Of lust, uncurb'd, Affections base desire,

Curious without, but most corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *sin*.

41.

On Plausus.

Plausus has built a *Church*; And lest his Glory
Should die, has boasted his vain glorious Story
Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to frame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtfull Name:
Plausus, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known,
Thou either seekst *Gods* glory, or thy *own*.

42.

On Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, condemns the *daies* of *crimes*,
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend the *Times*.

43.

On Fools of both kinds.

SOme scorn the Cross, whilst others *fall before it*,
Some *sit* and take the Bread, and some *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*;
Fools act a sin, whilst they decline a Vice.

44.

On the name of Jesus.

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Jesus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a stile to please us,
Jesu's no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Jesus*.

45.

On the Woman with the Issue.

HOw could thy Soul fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so easily cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing Bloud?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why, I read not, that thou didst adore it,
He ne're so much as own'd thee, Woman; Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46.

On our Redemption.

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*,
Redeemed with no less than *Bloud* and *Death*;
How much a greater labour is it, than
To *wash* a Sinner, than to *make* a Man?

47.

On Gods Arme.

TWas not, that he was *weak*; or thou so *strong*;
He dy'd so soon, or that thou *liv'st* so long:
The head strong Oxe is haled to the slaughter,
When the poor *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after;
When Heav'ns victorious *Arm* shall please to strike,
The *Giant* and the *Pigmie* are alike.

48.

On our Blessed Saviour.

O Thou that wert the *King* of Heav'n and earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!

A Man

A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a ſtable
Thy *Privie Chamber*, *Marie's* knees thy *Table*;
Theeves were thy *Courtiers*, and the Croſs thy *Throne*,
Thy *Dyet*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes thy *Crown*;
All this, the King of Glory endur'd and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *ſlaves* before:

49.
On Corduplo.

KEep in thy *Actions*, *and* maintain thy *Fences*
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senſes*;
Thou ſhalt deceive both Man and Devil too,
And mayeſt be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our ſelves.

50.
On Dreams.

WHo dreams a *ſin*, & not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, ſins as if he did it;
Which if thy ſlumbering Soul could not prevent,
Th'art ſafe if thou haſt dream'd thou didſt *repent*.

51.
On Adam.

HOw ſoon, poor *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* loſt,
Forfeit to death ere thou hadſt time to boaſt;
Before thy Triumph was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *riſing* and a *ſetting* Sun:
How ſoon that ends that ſhould have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r ſlept, until they ſlept for ever.

52.

On Sins and Blessings.

WE write thy *Common Blessings*, Lord, upon
A sliding stream; no sooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illustrious Favours we entrust
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Gust:
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *sins* are written down
On during Marble, or some harder stone;
And our extream mis-doings are thought good
To be inscrib'd, like *Draco's Laws*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Table*, or our *Story*,
And we shall have more *Comfort*; thou more *Glory*.

53.

On Celia.

Celia complains, her heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it cease to swell;
'Tis too too proud with blood, perverse and stout;
It must be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas, no Launce can pierce it, it is grown
More heard than *Launce*, or th' *Adamantine stone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou must
Make the incision with her own made *dust*.

54.

On Pusillus.

Pusillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but still, in want repines:
And like a bad nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault* if not the Game in *view*;
Be well advis'd *Pusillus*, Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ere to *dance*.

55.

On Belief.

THe Devils do *believe*, I know they do;
But their *belief* does make them *tremble* too.

56.

On Craſtinio,

Paſt time is gone, the *Future* is to be,
Craſtinio, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee?
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt die before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*'s now grown out of date;
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *Laſt*'s uncertain, and the *firſt* is gone,
The *preſent* then *Craſtino*'s thine, or none.

57.

On an Hour-glaſs.

MAns life is like an *Hour-glaſs*, wherein
Each ſeveral *ſand* that paſſes, is a Sin;
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run,
Our *ſins*, are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

58.

On Kain.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appear
A *Puniſhment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadſt had a *Faith*, and could ſt have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*,
Thy greater patience either might out-worn it,
Or found more able *ſhouldiers* to have born it.

59. On

59.

On Ticio.

Ticio stands gaping for the clouded Sun,
To be inform'd how fast the howers run:
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeek'ſt to *find*?

60.

On Sortio.

Sortio, that mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou break'ſt *two* great *Commandments* at a throw:
The *Third* thou break'ſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou break'ſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not*;
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether ſins moſt high,
He that playes *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

61.

On Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, and no leſs
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light*;
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſſis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

92.

To Henry *Earl of* Holland.

THis not the *Sun-ſhine* of great *Ceſar's* Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flye
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claim
Aſſiſtance from thy *Bloud*, t'enrich thy Name;

But

But what it is that mounts thee up so high,
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not *I*:
Blood gives no *Vertue*, nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæsars* Eye:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee *flye*.

63

On Drunkards and Idolaters.

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the less?
Which finds the *sharper?* which the *milder rod?*
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that soul, and more than thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at so dear a price.

64,

On Dying..

HE that would die once well, must often try:
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*, and the World our *School*,
Wherein w'are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65.

On Ravens and Lillies.

ARe not the *Ravens*, great God, sustain'd by thee?
And wilt thou cloth the *Lillies*, and not mee?
I'il nere distrust my God, for *Cloth* and *Bread*,
Whilst *Lillies* flourish, and the *Ravens* fed.

66. On

66.
On degrees of sin.

CUrses proportion to the *sins* degree:
Adam had *one*; *Eve too*; the Serpent, *three*.

67.
A last Will.

MY Life's my *dying day*, wherein I still
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soul* I do bequeath to God; provided
So small *Legacies* may be divided
Among my *Friends*: *Item*, my *sins* I give
To my dear *Jesus*, whether die or live:
Item, I give the world, that did refresh
The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
My lesser *Cares*: I do bequeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-spun Cloth*, to cover,
And hide her shame; and *Food*, for needful diet;
Some *sleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Distemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawful *Pleasures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poor helpless brother,
I give: My *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*;
Whose watchful eyes I must desire still,
To be the *Over-seers* of my *Will*.

68.
On our Jesus.

HE's like a *Rock*, which when we strive to shun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide spread Arms seek *Refuge* there,
It will secure us from the *harms* we fear.

69.

To King Charles.

THe Common-wealth is like an *Instrument*;
The divers sorts of people represent
The *strings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *Trebles*, and some *Meanes*, and some are *Bases*;
The potent Rulers the *Musitians* are;
The musick sometimes *peace*, and sometimes *war*;
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Books* that lye
Before their eyes and which they practice by:
Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *strings* as
And true, as thou art skilful: Ravish long (strong
The worlds wide ears, with thy diviner *Ayres*,
That whosoever to thy Land repairs,
May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

70.

A Riddle.

THe Goods we spend, we *keep*, and what we save,
We *lose*, and only what we lose, we *have*.

71.

On Glorioso.

NEre vant *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st
The poor; *Glorioso*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'st:
Boast what's thy own; thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee with a *Clause* to give;
Put case it were thy own thou gav'st, what then?
Thy own *Applause* hath paid thy own agen.

72.

On Judas.

Two hundred pence! what's that to thee? But say
That so much Oyntment had been cast away;
The *Coyne* that payd for 't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas* that's the cause thou didst *repine*.

73.

On Impropriator.

LOrd, how he swe's! as if he had at least'
A *Common wealth* reposed in his breast:
A *Common-wealth*? 'Twas shrewdly guest, I tell yee
He has a Leash of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

74.

On the same.

PRodigious Stomack! what a cruel deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a *meal*:
'Tis very strange that Nature should deliver
So good a *Stomack* to so bad a *Liver*.

75.

On Lucro.

LUcro, it is believ'd, thy *Conscience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *stretching leather*:
Me thinks thy *Conscience* rather seems too small;
So far from *large*, I fear the'ast *none at all*.

76

To GOD

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for ev'ry *ſlip*
That mortals make, or ſpur for ev'ry *trip*,
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* left free t'inflict another wound:
Hackneys and ſpur-gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *We*.

77.

On Sleep and Death.

IT is receiv'd that *Sleep*'s the *elder brother*;
I ſee no reaſon for't; I think the other:
Though *Sleep* does now uſurp the upper hand,
I'm ſure that *Death* does ſweep away the *Land*.

78.

To Rhemus.

THy conſcience tels thee, that to make debate
'Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to Subvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawful; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou haſt a freedome more than we, wherein
To do againſt thy *Conſcience*, and not ſin.

79.

On Glorioſo.

HE that relieves his Brother in diſtreſs,
And ſeeks no vain *Applauſe*, do's nothing leſs
Then lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthleſs *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*.

But

But if *vain glory* prompt thy tongue to boast,
It is not *lent*, *Gloriſo*, 'tis but *loſt*.

80.

To GOD.

I Wonder, Lord; thou ſhouldſt ſo much deſire
Our *younger dayes*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurniſht, and not one
Fit for the preſence of ſo great a *Gueſt*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not ſo much as dreſt
With *common* ſenſe, when as th' unburniſht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of *Heav'nly knowledge*; Lord, what haſt thou ment
To make ſuch choice, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper *Age*,
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtful Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper Souls ſhall be eſtated,
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not this been thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us to entertain?
No; thou, great God, thou art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature;
Thou knew'ſt the *Bow* of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchefe, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arme, Thou know'ſt that ev'ry hower
Gave new encreaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinful *ſhafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knew'ſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry *Breath*, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worſe; from worſe to worſt of all,

Thou

Thou knowst that *growing Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'st the best of evil:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being possest
Of that, thou mayst prescribe for all the rest.

81.

On Partio.

THou say'st thy *Will* is good, and glori'st in it,
And yet forget'st thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *will* allow'd
When the Testators *mem'ry* was not good?

82.

On an evil Conscience.

WHat hells of *Horror* an evil *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's*! what prodigious *things*
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We sin; but least, when most we sin again it.

83.

To Mundano.

NEre think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as *Earth* seems glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise:
Believ't *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou get'st to Heav'n, the *less* will earth appear.

84.
To my Friend.

WOuldst thou be prosp'rous, though the bended (brow
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:
Call home thy dearest *wishes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worst that can befall:
If't come, thy heart will be the more secure,
The less amaz'd and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no losse;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Crosse*:
Thus wisely sheltred under this reliefe,
Thy *Joy* shall be the lesse; and lesse thy *Griefe*,

85.
To Malfido,

CHear up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more level;
Make sure of *Grace*, and ne'r suspect thy *Food*;
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evil
No more than thou, being *evil*, canst wish a good:
He better knows to give, than thou to begge;
Thou whin'st for *Stones*, and grumblest at an *Egge*,
O, let his better will suspend thy wish,
And thou shalt find no *Scorpion*, if no *Fish*.

86.
On Crucio.

THou still complain'st that *sorrowes* do attend thee
And that their *favours* doe so much annoy thee:
Mistake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engines*, *Crucio*, to destroy thee;
Wilt thou mislike thy Crops of swelling *Corn*,
Because th' are trencht, & fenc'd about with *thorn*?

87. To

87.

To Rhemus.

TIs true; we are but *dust*, but *wormes*; nay *men*:
That are more base than either; And what then
Shall *worms*, or *dust* or *men* be well advis'd,
To go in *person* (where we have despis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God; I, doe;
Who bids the *Come*, will bid the welcome too;
Rhemus, when call'd in *person*, you appear
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
'Tis better to be *wisely bold*, then make
Thy self unmannerly for *manners* sake;
Some ill bred Clownes there be, that being loath
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88.

To Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne,
Thou must be made a *Jewel*, to be worne
In *Abr'ams bosome*: *Macio*, he that comes
To *Abr'ams bosome*, finds his way by *Crummes*.

89.

On Reproofe.

TIs not enough to strive again the *Act*,
Or not to doe't; we must reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made known
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *own*;
We must *dissuade* the Vice, we scorn to *follow*;
We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

90.
On Curio.

TWo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith* one *Heart* we have;
Why so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half belief*.

91.
On Zelustus.

Zelustus thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God* though he traduce his *Neighbour*;
His hot mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table*, 't tyers in the *last*;
Art thou a faithful *Steward* of Gods store,
Zelustus, that spend'st *Six*, and keep'st but *Foure*?

92.
On Philautos.

Philauto's Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unlesse to feed on *Crummes* of vain Applause;
Take heed, *Philautos*, lest thou heed too late,
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

93.
On Dubius.

Dubius, Thy eares are *two*, thy tongue but *one*,
Hear God and Priest, *Confesse* to God alone.

(18)

94.

To Sir Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolles.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory dayes, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee
A faithful *Friend*, equal in love, degree:
Lands fruitful, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastlesse *hand*; A Charitable *purse*:
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Minde*;
A sober knowledge, with true *Wisdome* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Dyet* without Art,
Surfeit, or warm; A wisely simple *Heart*;
Pastimes ingenuous, lawful, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthful, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd and an equall *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and constant, to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure:
Actions heroick, constant blamelesse, pure,
A life as long as fair; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

95.

On Lucro.

Lucro, how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* has made thee?
How miserable poor! it has betrayd thee
To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
As little thine, or lesse than thou, thy own:
Alas, poor *Lucro*, how thy fruitful pawnes
Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawns
For a good Morsell, whilst thy *Saint* does rome
Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evil *Angels* home,

Whilst

Whose more imperious presence must controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
Lucro, be slave no longer to thy self;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee;
I'le tell thee *Lucro*, turn thy *Saint* to me.

96.
On Mendax.

FAir spoken *Mendax*, on the least occasion,
Swears by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure Small's thy Wit or Credit to be drawn
For *Wares* so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

97.
On Blandus.

WHen e're I wish my *Blandus* a good morrow
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow.
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kiss my hand:
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
I am your *Servant*, if he drink to me
My *Servant* does it; I return his love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips do move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I do
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much:
How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine
That art his *Servant*, not so much, as mine!

98.

On Rebellion.

THe stout *Rebellion*, scourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r ownes the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*: Be not stout too long;
Neglected *stripes* do oft return more strong,
A stubborn *silence* more ill nature shows,
Than *sobbs* of Stomach, and deserves more blows.

99.

On God and Gold.

MY God and *Gold* cannot possess one heart;
My God and I, or *Gold* and I must part.

100.

To James *Archbishop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What secret vertues In Saint *Patricks Chair*,
If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more
Since thou sat'st there, than ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As sure it will) shall drown *S. Patricks glory*;
Ierna will (as now *Ierne* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Isle of Saints*.

101.

On a waking Conscience.

THere is a kind of *Conscience* some men keep,
Is like a member that's benumb'd with sleep;
Which as it gathers bloud, and wakes agen,
It *shoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as big as ten.

102.

On our Affections.

O How prepost'rous *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, love God, to serve our turn.

103.

On Zelustus.

Zelustus wears his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowns*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of fashion*.

104.

On Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? evermore alike, (strike
Both when *heav'n* striks, & when he leavs to
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven do not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry
For thy own good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scourge the worse for *whining*.

105.

On Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor steeple *Hat*
With slugging *Ears*, or *Cypress* out of date;
Thy nock shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose*, cross garter'd with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit* of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*,

'Tis

'Tis none of these, *Zelustus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
The least applause from heav'n, heaven never ment
A Christians *Conscience* should be bound or bent
To *shapes*; *Zelustus*, we can scarce divide
An *Affectation* from a secret *Pride*.

106.

On Conscio.

ART thou revil'd, and slandered? and yet whine?
I fear th'arraignity; Is that heart of thine
So faint? so guiltless? that it cannot stoop
Beneath so poor a *burthen*? not droop?
He that has fire at home, may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conscio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: make sure within,
And let them censure, let them snarle again:
Thou mayest *appear*, but not be this the worse;
If *Conscience* bless thee, Doe, let *Shimei* curse.

107.

To God.

THy sacred will be done great God,
To spend, or to suspend, thy *Rod*:
If possible, my wil's to miss it,
If otherwise to stoop, and *kiss it*.

108.

On Devotion.

WE must not only *be* to God, but *show*
To man; *Paul's cloak* must be remembred *too*.

109. *On*

109.

On the Christian.

TIs not enough that the *Kings Daughter* should
Be fair within; she must be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needles* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true borne *Christians*, must as well be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110.

On mercy and Justice.

GOds *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same;
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

111.

On Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend, we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts: he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry;
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes. Now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are *Counsels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his actions must be wonder'd at:
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd;
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Master*, melted from the old.
O, *Aulicus* 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in *spiritual honour* too.

112.

To Rhemus.

Faith must be joyn'd to works, *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

113.

On Tortus.

'Tis not the bearing of the *Cross*, or *Cup*
Of thy affliction; Thou must take them up:
Nor is't the taking up alone, will do,
Tortus, thou must, *take up*, and *follow* too.

114.

On Gracchus.

Gracchus so often did repeat a *Lye*,
Past on with credit, from his very youth,
That now his conscience has forborn to cry
Against it, and perswades him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*; he has gaind thereby,
He now may tell the same, and never lye.

115.

On Phares.

THou saist it is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To use the *Posture* of a *Meal*, to sit;
Can thy Discretion, *Phares*, or thy zeal?
Give *carnal gestures* to a *spiritual Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleshly *Heart*?
Thy *posture* has discover'd *what thou art*.

116.

On the same.

YOu'l take it *sitting*: Pray, and no man know it:
You'l do, and yet you will not seem to do it:
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*:
'Tis like your *Self*; you seem not what you be.

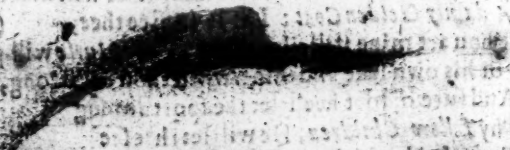
117.

To my Book.

SO, Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breſt;
Thy *teeth* grow ſharp, *my Babe*, it will be beſt
For both: Thy haſty *Nurſe* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*: ne'r whimper he will make thee
A dainty Golden Coat: Let it ſuffice thee, (thee
Thou art mine ſtill: howere; Thy *Nurſe* will prize
For his own ſake and thine; when thou art ſtrong,
And ſure of foot hee'l let the ſport among
Thy *fellow-Children*, He will let thee ſee
The *World*, which thou hadſt never ſeen with me:
Thou mayſt do well, if *Fortune* ſtrike thee luck,
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didſt never ſuck
But one *good Fryday*, and thou mayſt improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular love;
Thou haſt *ſix Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muſe*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Cæſar*, and in *Cæſars* Court,
Beſides an *Iſhmael*, that attends the port:
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this beſt *Realm*; if ere thou wander there,
They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leaſure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæſar*;
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knows
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of thoſe

Whom

Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of time, who knows? but we subscribe to *Fate*:
Perchance thy fortunes, to be bought and sold,
Was not young *Joseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
A step to Honour, and a means t' advance
Thy higher fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgress, *my Babe*: 'Tis time to part,
The *Laws* of nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewel; let *Heav'ns* high blessing shine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.



The End of the Fourth and last Book.